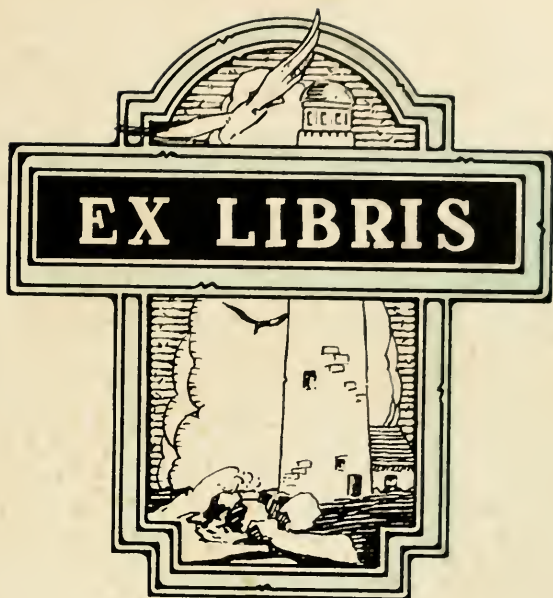










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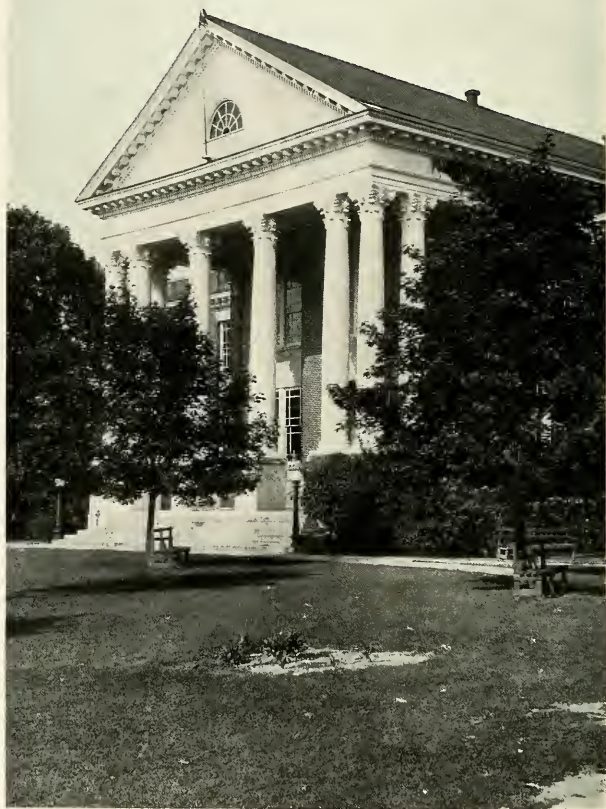
PRELUDE

"Like unto ships far off at sea
Outward and homeward bound are we.
Before, behind, and all around
Floats and swings the horizon's bound.
Seems at its distant rim to rise
And climb the crystal wall of the skies,
And then again to turn and sink,
As if we could slide from its outer brink.

"Ah! it is not the sea,
It is not the sea that sinks and swells,
But ourselves that rock and rise,
With endless and uneasy motion,
Now touching the very skies,
Now sinking into depths of ocean.

"Ah! if our souls but poise and swing
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do,
We shall sail securely and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles on whose shining beach
The sights we see and the sounds we hear,
Will be those of joy and not of fear."

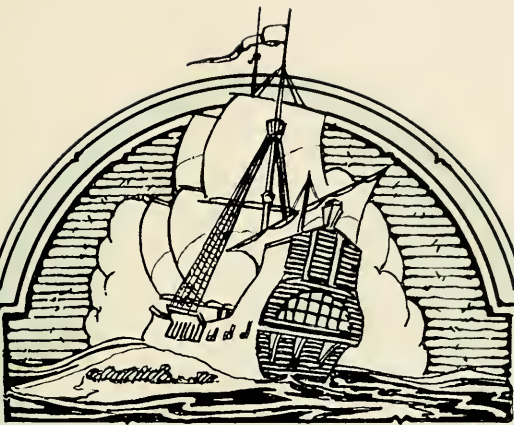




*"The doorstep to the temple
of wisdom
Is a knowledge of our own
ignorance."*

—Spurgeon



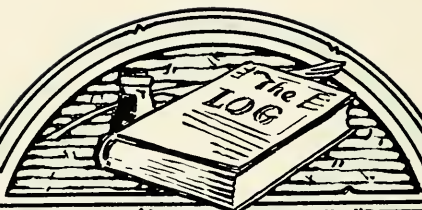


The **BATTLEFIELD**
1928

State Teachers
College

FREDERICKSBURG
VIRGINIA





FOREWORD

THAT your memories of the
years on the hilltop--years
gladdened by the dreams and
visions of youth--may ever re-
main undimmed by the shadows
of time, we, the Staff of 1928,
present to you this volume of

THE BATTLEFIELD





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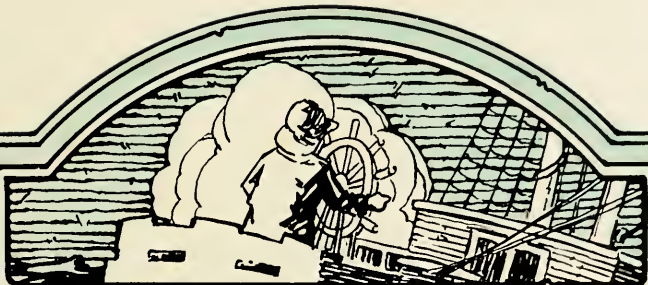
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DEDICATION



To one who is a brilliant scholar, a sym-
pathetic teacher, a true and an
understanding friend--to

Eileen Lois Kramer

we dedicate the
1928 Battlefield



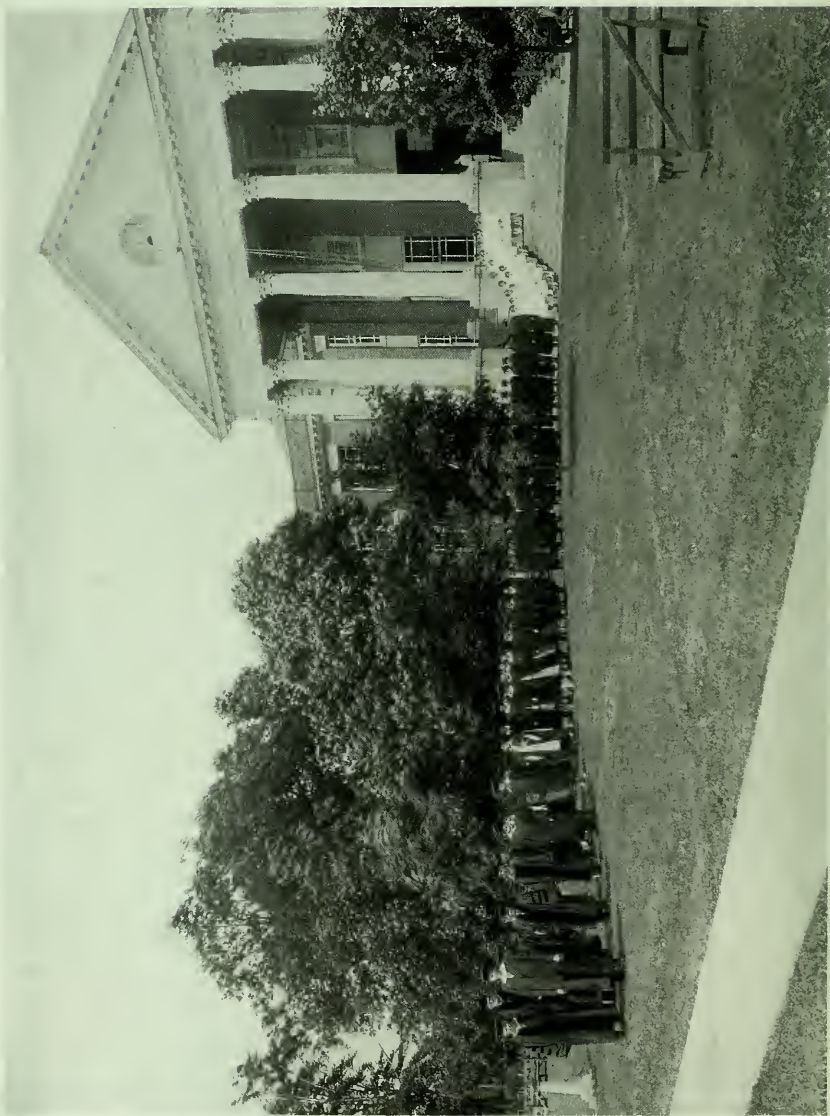














The Administration and the Faculty



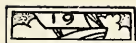
A. B. CHANDLER, JR.
President



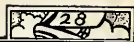
MRS. CHARLES LAKE BUSHNELL
Dean of Women



B. Y. TYNER
Academic Dean



THE BATTLEFIELD



Faculty

OSCAR H. DARTER
Professor Social Science

ETHEL L. HATCHETT
Professor Elementary Education

HARRY K. DORSETT
Supervisor Training School and Professor Education

EILEEN L. KRAMER
Professor Education

MARTHA ROBINS
Professor Education

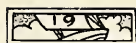
LULU C. DANIEL
Professor English

MARGARET D. MOORE
Assistant-Professor English

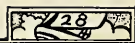
MARGARET LAKENAN
Assistant-Professor English

MARY McKENZIE
Assistant-Professor English





THE BATTLEFIELD



Faculty

DOROTHY DUGGAN

Professor Fine and Industrial Arts

ELLEN C. DONOHUE

Professor Physical Education

MARY PHOEBE ENDERS

Assistant-Professor Physical Education

MRS. B. Y. TYNER

Professor Ancient and Modern Languages

DR. ROY S. COOK

Professor Science

GERTRUDE KARR

Professor Natural Science

W. N. HAMLET

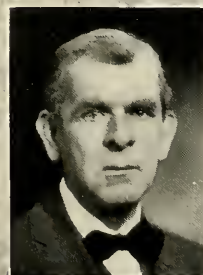
Professor Mathematics

DOROTHY WRIGHT

Professor Home Economics

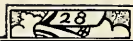
MRS. DALIA RUFF

Dietician and Assistant Dean of Women





THE BATTLEFIELD



Faculty

P. P. JONES

Professor Commercial Education

RUTH PALMERTON

Assistant-Professor Commercial Education

HELEN A. MULLER

Assistant-Professor Commercial Education

MRS. J. C. FERNEYHOUGH

Treasurer and Bookkeeper

FRANCES THOMPSON

Librarian

ELINOR HAYES

Supervisor Training School

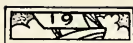
MRS. HELEN CARMICHAEL

Supervisor Training School

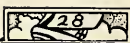
MRS. ASHTON WHITE

Supervisor Training School





THE BATTLEFIELD



Faculty

LUCY TALIAFERRO

Postmistress

EVA TAYLOR EPPES

Professor Music

SALLIE NORRIS

Assistant-Professor Music

NORA C. WILLIS

Assistant-Professor Music

HILDA HAYNIE

School Nurse and Instructor of Health Education

DR. C. MASON SMITH

School Physician

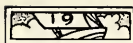
NANCY McCLEARY

Secretary to President

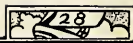
MOLLIE COATES

Secretary to Dean





THE BATTLEFIELD



Faculty

KATE TRENT

Supervisor Training School

EMILY JOHNSON

Supervisor Training School

CAROL ROBERTSON

Supervisor Training School

MURIEL SANDERS

Supervisor Training School

HELEN MILLS

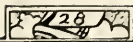
Supervisor Training School

MRS. MASON H. WILLIS

Supervisor Training School



THE BATTLEFIELD



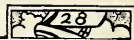
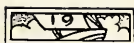


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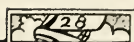
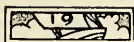
"And first with nicest skill and art,
 Perfect and finished in every part,
 A little model the master wrought,
 Which should be to the larger plan,
 What the child is to the man,—
 Its counterpart in miniature."







EILEEN L. KRAMER
Adviser



DUVAL CHRISTIAN

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Major: Physical Education

Minor: Social Science

Fire Commander.....	1925-26
Student Council.....	1925-27
Secretary Sophomore Class.....	1925-26
Class President.....	1926-28
Bullet Staff.....	1927-28
Class Hockey Team.....	1925-28
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Big Cabinet Y. W. C. A.....	1924-28

HILDA THOMAS BELOTE

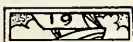
ONANCOCK, VIRGINIA

Major: Physical Education

Minor: Elementary Education

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Class Basketball Team.....	1924-28
Class Hockey Team.....	1925-28
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Class Tennis Team.....	1926-27
Hockey Manager.....	1927-28
Vice-President Senior Class.....	1927-28
President Eastern Shore Club.....	1925-28
House President Frances Willard.....	1926-28



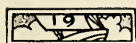


LELA DEERE DARTER
TISHOMINGO, OKLAHOMA
Major: Primary Education
Minor: English

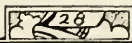
FLORENCE MAY BIDDLECOMB
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND
Major: Science
Minor: Home Economics

Class Basketball Team.....1928
Class Baseball Team.....1927-28
Class Secretary-Treasurer.....1927-28





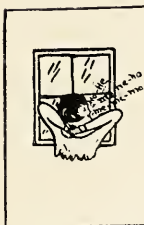
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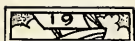


BEATRICE BRANGAN
PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA
Major: Science
Minor: Mathematics

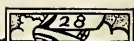


LILLIAN BREWSTER
RUMMERFIELD, PENNSYLVANIA
Major: Elementary Education
Minor: English





THE BATTLEFIELD



LINDA WIRT BROADDUS

BOWLING GREEN, VIRGINIA

Major: Elementary Education

Minor: Social Science

House President Betty Lewis.....1926-27

Fire Captain.....1925-28

GEORGIA RUTH BROWN

PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA

Major: Physical Education

Minor: Social Science

Vice-President Athletic Association,

1927-28

Varsity Basketball Team.....1925-27

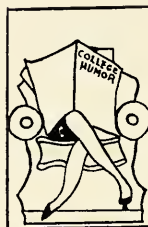
Varsity Hockey Team.....1926

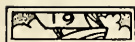
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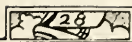
Class Basketball Team.....1925-27

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THE BATTLEFIELD



ALICE BURHANS
LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK

Major: History

Minor: English

ANNIE DWIGHT BUTLER

SCOTTSVILLE, VIRGINIA

Major: Commercial Education

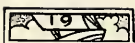
Minor: Commercial Education

Class Baseball Team.....1927-28

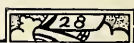
Class Hockey Team.....1927-28

Dramatic Club.....1928





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MARY BYRD BUXTON

NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA

Major: Science

Minor: Mathematics

Class Hockey Team.....1926-27

BATTLEFIELD Staff.....1927

Editor-in-Chief THE BATTLEFIELD.....1928

LUCILLE RUSSELL CAIN

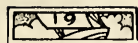
COCHRAN, VIRGINIA

Major: History

Minor: English

Class Representative.....1927-28





THE BATTLEFIELD



DORIS A. CARNEAL
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA
Major: Elementary Education
Minor: Social Science

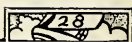


EMMA LUCILLE COOKE
HAMPTON, VIRGINIA
Major: Science

Minor: Physical Education

Bullet Staff.....	1924-25
BATTLEFIELD Staff.....	1924-25
Class Representative.....	1925-26
Vice-President Y. W. C. A.....	1925-26
President Y. W. C. A.....	1926-27
Vice-President Student Government.....	1927-28
President Krabba Klub.....	1926-28
President Hiking Club.....	1928
Class Hockey Team.....	1927-28
Class Baseball Team.....	1927-28
Class Basketball Team.....	1928
Varsity Hockey.....	1927-28





ELEANOR DOGGETT

KINGSPORT, TENNESSEE

Major: Commercial Education

Minor: Commercial Education

Vice-President Student Government, 1922-28
Secretary Student Government.....1927-28
Class Hockey Team.....1927-28
Class Baseball Team.....1927-28

HENRIETTA DREIFUS

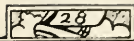
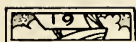
ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA

Major: Commercial Education

Minor: Social Science

Class Hockey Team.....1926-28
President K^Σ Club.....1927-28
Riding Club.....1925-26





TECLA DREIFUS

ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA

Major: Physical Education

Minor: Physical Education

Class Basketball Team.....1924-28

Class Baseball Team.....1927-28

Varsity Basketball Team.....1925-28

Captain Varsity Basketball Team,

1927-28

Class Hockey Team.....1925-28

Varsity Hockey Team.....1926-28

Captain Varsity Hockey Team.....1927-28

Class Vice-President.....1926-27

Class Representative.....1926-27

President Athletic Club.....1927-28

BEATRICE GALLAGHER

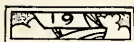
WARSAW, VIRGINIA

Major: Math-Science

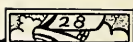
Minor: English

Little Cabinet Y. W. C. A.....1927-28





THE BATTLEFIELD



DOROTHY CRISMOND HARRIS

SPOTSYLVANIA, VIRGINIA

Major: Elementary Education

Minor: Music

Secretary-Treasurer Cotillion Club,
1927-28
Choral Club..... 1926-28



MAY ADELAIDE HERNDON

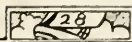
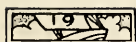
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

Major: History

Minor: English

Class Hockey Team..... 1927-28
Class Baseball Team..... 1927





ALICE LONGWORTH LEWIS

VILLAGE, VIRGINIA

Major: Physical Education

Minor: Social Science

Varsity Hockey Team.....	1926-28
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Class Basketball Team.....	1925-28
Class Baseball Team.....	1925-28
Class Hockey Team.....	1926-28
Manager of Baseball.....	1927-28
Tennis Manager.....	1926-27
Bullet Staff.....	1927-28

FRANCES LEWIS

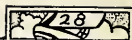
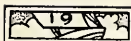
VILLAGE, VIRGINIA

Major: Science

Minor: Primary Education

Dramatic Club.....	1927-28
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THELMA FAY MARTIN
MULLINS, SOUTH CAROLINA

Major: Latin
Minor: English

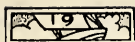
Fire Captain.....1927-28
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HELEN HAMILTON McKENNEY

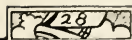
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA
Major: Physical Education
Minor: Social Science

Class Basketball Team.....1926-28
Class Baseball Team.....1926-27
Class Hockey Team.....1926-27
Varsity Basketball Team.....1927-28
Varsity Hockey Team.....1926-27





THE BATTLEFIELD



HULDAH HERNDON MORTON

POST OAK, VIRGINIA

Major: Music

Minor: English

Ballet Staff.....1927-28

Accompanist of Choral Club.....1927-28



MARGARET ELEANOR PHILLIPS

MELFA, VIRGINIA

Major: History

Minor: Elementary Education

Varsity Basketball Team.....1927-28

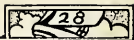
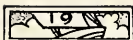
Class Hockey Team.....1927-28

Class Basketball Team.....1926-27

BATTLEFIELD Staff.....1927-28

President Cotillion Club.....1927-28





DOROTHY MAYER POND

WAKEFIELD, VIRGINIA

Major: Primary Education

Minor: Education

House President Virginia Hall.....1927-28

President Peanut Club.....1927-28

RUTH PARKER PORTER

PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA

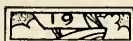
Major: French

Minor: English

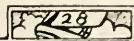
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Literary Editor BATTLEFIELD.....1927-28





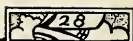
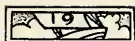
THE BATTLEFIELD



BERTHA I. RIGHTER
NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA
Major: Commercial Education
Minor: Commercial Education
President Newport News Club...1927-28
Business Manager *Bullet*1927-28

FLORENCE SCOTT
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA
Major: Elementary Education
Minor: English





MILDRED PRUDEN STEWART

PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA

Major: Physical Education

Minor: English

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Varsity Hockey Team.....	1927-28
College Cheer Leader.....	1927-28
President Student Government....	1927-28

JESSIE LEE THOMAS

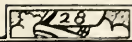
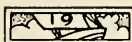
WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA

Major: Latin

Minor: French

House President Betty Lewis.....	1927-28
Fire Chief.....	1926-27





SALLIE BLACKWELL WALKER

OLDHAMS, VIRGINIA

Major: Physical Education

Minor: English

Vice-President Y. W. C. A.....	1927-28
Treasurer Y. W. C. A.....	1926-27
Big Cabinet Y. W. C. A.....	1924-25
President Hiking Club.....	1925-26
Vice-President Athletic Club.....	1925-26
Manager of Hiking.....	1926-27
Fire Commander.....	1927-28
Class Baseball Team.....	1927-28
Class Hockey Team.....	1927-28
Class Basketball Team.....	1926-28

CLAUDIA WILKINS

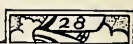
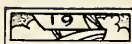
MAPLE GROVE, VIRGINIA

Major: Physical Education

Minor: Elementary Education

Class Basketball Team.....	1924-28
Class Baseball Team.....	1924-28
Class Hockey Team.....	1925-28
Varsity Basketball Team.....	1925-28
Captain Varsity Hockey Team.....	1926-27
Varsity Hockey Team.....	1925-28
President Northern Neck Club.....	1926-28
Class Representative.....	1927-28
Treasurer Athletic Club.....	1927-28





DOROTHY WILKINSON

LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

Major: Commercial Education

Minor: Commercial Education

Class Secretary.....	1926-27
Class Hockey Team.....	1926-28
Class Baseball Team.....	1927-28

RACHAEL HARRIET WINGFIELD

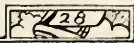
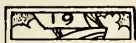
MARTINSVILLE, VIRGINIA

Major: French

Minor: English

Dramatic Club.....	1925-28
Bullet Staff.....	1926-27
Little Cabinet Y. W. C. A.....	1927-28
Class Hockey Team.....	1927-28
Class Baseball Team.....	1927-28
President Y. W. C. A.....	1927-28





Senior Sidelines

Do we want that cup this year? You bet we do! Are we going to get that cup again this year? We are going to try mighty hard! What does the cup mean? It means that the class who wins it or merits it has excelled not only in the games and sports, but in the spirit of fair play, honesty and good sportsmanship.

We know that the year is not over until it is finished, but we also know that some dies have already been cast.

The Seniors finally emerged as undisputed champions in Hockey after a long Round Robin series of games.

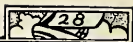
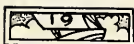
Baseball came along and though the Class of '28 held on tenaciously, they finally had to submit the title of Baseball Champions to the Freshman Class—.

But the season isn't over yet—basketball, tennis and track will be among the deciding factors! Come on Seniors—"we're betting on you."

Remember Thanksgiving Day? You don't? Well, the Evens just had a most "teasing" kind of a Hockey Game for Even and Odd Championship. Billy-Goats and Devils chased each other all around and the queer part about it was that the Devils gave out first—the Evens won that game which threatens to rival the Army and Navy game of New York!

The versatility of these Seniors can no longer be questioned, for there before your very eyes they became dolls and remained that way for almost three hours, content and happy at "Midnight in a Toy Shop." Imagine dignified Seniors doing a thing like that!

Seriously though, the Seniors approach June with mingled feelings of joy and regret. For four years they have worked together to make the Class of '28 the best ever—they have labored together over books and papers, they have fought together over sports and "Goats," they have stuck together through thick and thin, and they have sung together in praise and tribute to their Soph. Sisters who will "carry on" and better the traditions and customs of the Class of '28. Class of '30, we salute you! Make our Alma Mater proud of you—take the places we leave vacant and "carry on!"



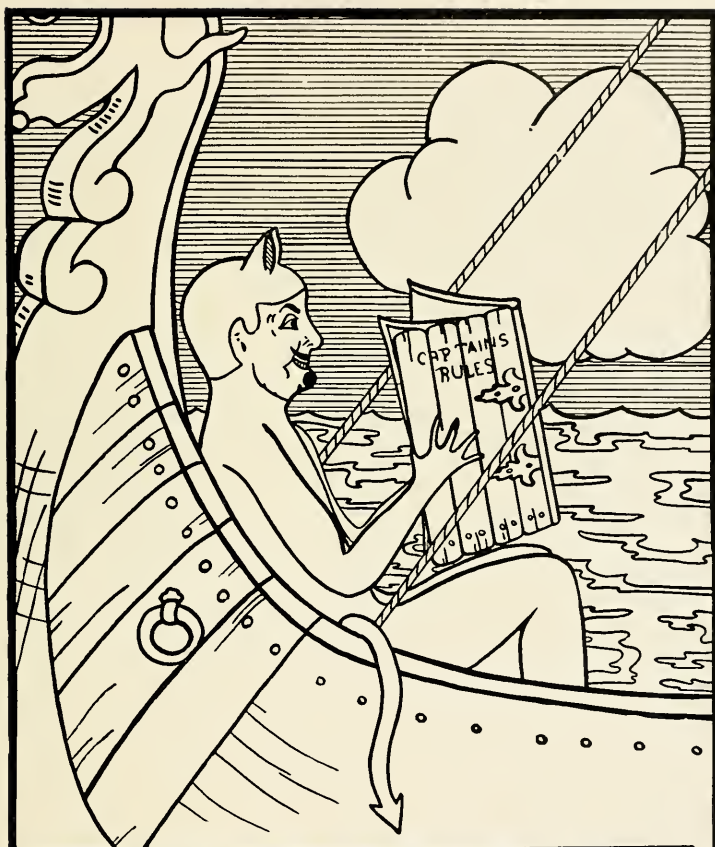
Indian Summer

October floats about us once again
And I am drowned in beauty.
I am overcome
With color.

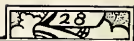
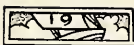
The air trembles with the ecstasy
Of crimson leaves
Of gold leaves drifting to shield
Late violets
From the impending frosts
The sky—
All the merged colors of the earth
So blue—I cannot look—
Ah—God—
Take back one color from this world
Else I am lost.

Or—
Let me softly fold this day
On rose petals
To put away and keep.

—H. M., '28.

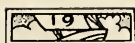


JUNIORS

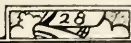


MARY PHOEBE ENDERS

Adviser



THE BATTLEFIELD



MARGARET BRANCH
President

NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA



GERTRUDE ELLERTON
Vice-President

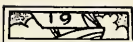
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA



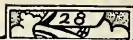
CHARLOTTE GARNER
Secretary-Treasurer

CALLAO, VIRGINIA





THE BATTLEFIELD



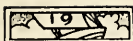
BETTIE BILLINGSLEY
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA



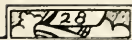
MARY BYRD BLEDSOE
LOCUST GROVE, VIRGINIA



ELIZABETH COE
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA



THE BATTLEFIELD



EVA CONN
NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA

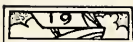


LOIS DAVIS
NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA

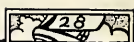


REBECCA DICKERT
APPALACHIA, VIRGINIA





THE BATTLEFIELD



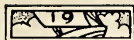
ELIZABETH DICKINSON
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA



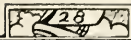
ELIZABETH DURKIN
TUXEDO PARK, NEW YORK



LOUISE GORDON
STAFFORD, VIRGINIA



THE BATTLEFIELD



ELIZABETH HARRISON
DEAL, VIRGINIA

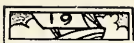


MARIAN HARROW
DELTAVILLE, VIRGINIA

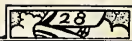


LUCILLE HAYNES
MATHEWS, VIRGINIA





THE BATTLEFIELD



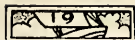
MARY NELSON HEFLIN
COLONIAL BEACH, VIRGINIA



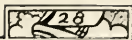
EDNA HENDERSON
WHITE STONE, VIRGINIA



ETHEL JERNIGAN
NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA



THE BATTLEFIELD



INEZ LEE
INDEX, VIRGINIA

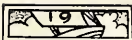


ZELLA MANEY
NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA

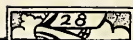


MARY LEE NUSSEY
COLONIAL BEACH, VIRGINIA





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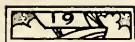
GRACE PENDLETON
ELIZABETH CITY, NORTH CAROLINA



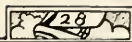
ALTWATER PERRY
SPOTSYLVANIA, VIRGINIA



RUTH ROBERTS
OAK GROVE, VIRGINIA



THE BATTLEFIELD



MARY ROWE
HEATHSVILLE, VIRGINIA

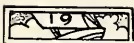


VIRGINIA RUFF
BEDFORD, VIRGINIA

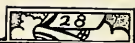


ELIZABETH SHANK
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA





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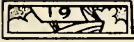
LEAVELLE SISSON
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA



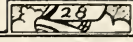
MARIETTA STEPHENSON
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA



CLAIRE STONE
GOSHEN, VIRGINIA



THE BATTLEFIELD



HARRIET TERRY
TAYLORSVILLE, VIRGINIA



JULIA TROLAND
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA



HELEN VAN DENBURG
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA



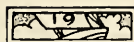
19 THE BATTLEFIELD 28



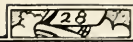
MOLLY VAUGHAN
NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA



HELEN WORROCK
PHOEBUS, VIRGINIA



THE BATTLEFIELD



Class of '29

RATHER be a Junior any ole time—

Everybody knows that

Dash and pep are ours, and a gay, good time.

DREARY days are not for us,

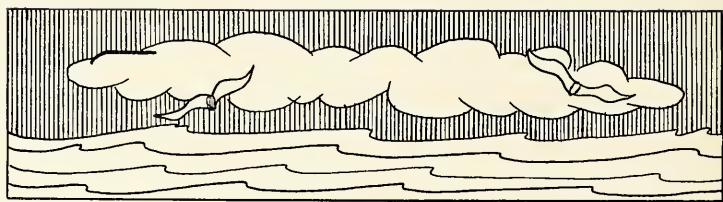
Ever gay are ours.

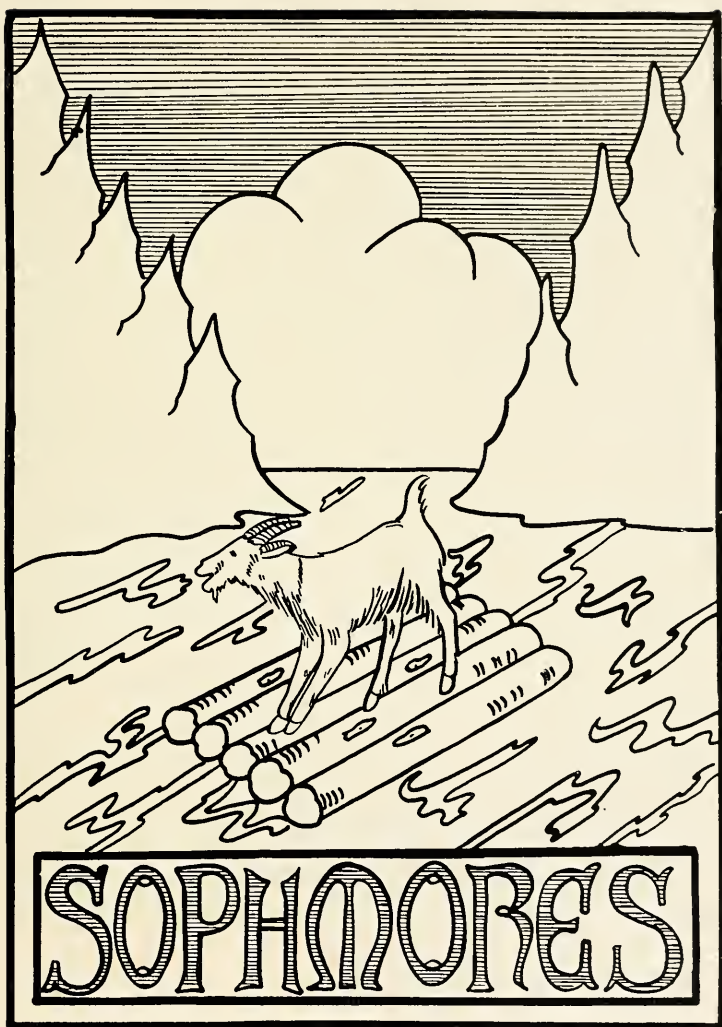
Vainly do the other girls

Inspiration rouse.

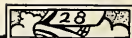
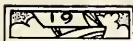
Let them try—and try again,

See if they beat the Juniors' fame!

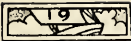




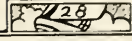
SOPHOMORES



MARGARET LAKENAN
Adviser



THE BATTLEFIELD



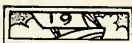
MARGARET QUINN
President
HAMPTON, VIRGINIA

ANNE SIMPKINS
Vice-President
HAMPTON, VIRGINIA

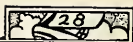
ESTHER DEIBERT
Secretary
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

CARRIE DUNKUM
Treasurer
PORT MOUTH, VIRGINIA





THE BATTLEFIELD

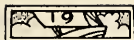


ELIZABETH ALLEN
BLANTON, VIRGINIA

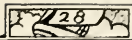
ELIZABETH ARMSTRONG
WARNER, VIRGINIA

EMILY ATKINS
DUNNSVILLE, VIRGINIA

VIOLA AYRES
ACCOTINK, VIRGINIA



THE BATTLEFIELD



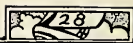
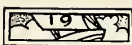
GARNETTE BARNES
COAN, VIRGINIA

FANNY BARNETTE
BARNETTS, VIRGINIA

THELMA BATES
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

HAVILAH BENNETT
CAPE CHARLES, VIRGINIA



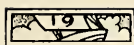


LINDA BILLUPS
CHURCH VIEW, VIRGINIA

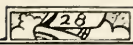
DOROTHY BIVENS
WINGATE, NORTH CAROLINA

LINA BOOTH
PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA

MARON BROADDUS
MANASSAS, VIRGINIA



THE BATTLEFIELD



GERTRUDE BROCKLEY
HAMPTON, VIRGINIA



LOIS BROOKS
BOWLING GREEN, VIRGINIA

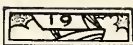


URLA BRYAN
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

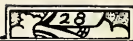


MARION CARTER
RECTORTOWN, VIRGINIA





THE BATTLEFIELD



MARY CASTINE
PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA



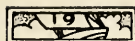
MARY D. CLARK
WALNUT POINT, VIRGINIA



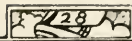
ETHEL COHN
OCEAN VIEW, VIRGINIA



ELIZABETH COLEMAN
HAMPTON, VIRGINIA



THE BATTLEFIELD



AUGUSTA CORPREW
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA



ELLEN COSTENBADER
CLAREMONT, VIRGINIA

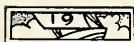


LAURA CROSS
WAXPOOL, VIRGINIA

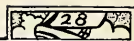


BROOKE CROXTON
JAMAICA, VIRGINIA





THE BATTLEFIELD



LECLAIRE DAUGHTREY
SOUTH RICHMOND, VIRGINIA



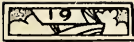
HELEN DAVIS
WHITE STONE, VIRGINIA



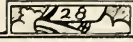
LOUISE DAVIS
SWEETHALL, VIRGINIA



ELIZABETH DUNAWAY
MERRY POINT, VIRGINIA



THE BATTLEFIELD



NETTIE EBERLY
ELKO, VIRGINIA



KATHERINE EDMONDSON
HALIFAX, VIRGINIA



MARY ELAM
BASKERVILLE, VIRGINIA



ELIZABETH EWAN
NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA



THE BATTLEFIELD

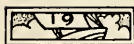


FELICIA FEINSWOG
ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY

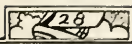
MARGUERITE FINLEY
DELAPLANE, VIRGINIA

CLARENCE GARLAND
WARSAW, VIRGINIA

STELLA GARRENTON
FRANKLIN, VIRGINIA



THE BATTLEFIELD



FRANCES GOODMAN
BEAVERDAM, VIRGINIA



ROSE GRANTHAM
SMITHFIELD, NORTH CAROLINA

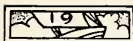


NELLIE BYRD GRAY
WOODFORD, VIRGINIA

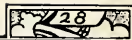


ALMA GREENE
STREETS, VIRGINIA





THE BATTLEFIELD



CYNTHIA GREEN
CHARLOTTE COURT HOUSE, VIRGINIA



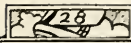
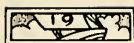
MARY JANE GREEN
CITY POINT, VIRGINIA



LUCILLE GRIFFIN
PARRIS ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA



HILDA GROSS
NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA



GWENDOLYN GURLEY
SUFFOLK, VIRGINIA



LOUISE GURLEY
SUFFOLK, VIRGINIA

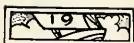


DAISY HAMLIN
DANVILLE, VIRGINIA

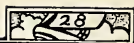


FRANCES HARDY
STONY CREEK, VIRGINIA





THE BATTLEFIELD



ZULA HAYNIE
LILIAN, VIRGINIA



MARY HEINTZMAN
CHESTER, VIRGINIA



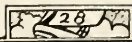
CAROLYN HOLLAND
HOLLAND, VIRGINIA



MARY BERNICE HOLLAND
HOLLAND, VIRGINIA



THE BATTLEFIELD



GLADYS HOUCHINS
WEST VIEW, VIRGINIA



VIRGINIA HOUCHINS
LEE HALL, VIRGINIA

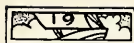


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HOPEWELL, VIRGINIA

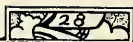


ELIZABETH JACK
NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA





THE BATTLEFIELD



FRANCES JOHNSON
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA



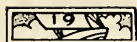
ANNIE KEYSER
MINERAL, VIRGINIA



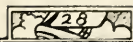
ROSALIE KYLE
HAMPTON, VIRGINIA



VIRGINIA LACY
ROCKY MOUNT, NORTH CAROLINA



THE BATTLEFIELD



FRANCES LANDIS
OXFORD, NORTH CAROLINA



MARGARET LAWRENCE
NEW BERN, NORTH CAROLINA

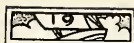


HAZEL LONG
NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA

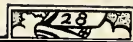


MARGARET McCALICK
SALEM, NEW JERSEY





THE BATTLEFIELD



CHRISTINE MCCARTHY
LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA



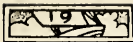
ELIZABETH MARTIN
HAMPTON, VIRGINIA



ELIZABETH MASON
BASKERVILLE, VIRGINIA



LOUISE MILLARD
VIENNA, VIRGINIA



THE BATTLEFIELD



ELIZABETH MINOR
BISCOE, VIRGINIA



FRANCES MITCHELL
WEST POINT, VIRGINIA



ALLOWAY MOSER
MITCHELLS, VIRGINIA



ANN NEBLETT
MEREDITHVILLE, VIRGINIA



THE BATTLEFIELD



SHASTA NELSON
FORT MONROE, VIRGINIA

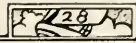
MARY NICOL
MANASSAS, VIRGINIA

VIRGINIA OAKLEY
PHOEBUS, VIRGINIA

VIRGINIA PANCOAST
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA



THE BATTLEFIELD



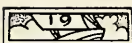
ETTA MAE PARKER
KELLER, VIRGINIA

WOODARD PARKER
EMPORIA, VIRGINIA

VIRGINIA PARSLEY
STATE FARM, VIRGINIA

DOROTHY PETTUS
EDENTON, NORTH CAROLINA





THE BATTLEFIELD

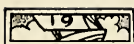


RUTH POPE
CRADDOCK, VIRGINIA

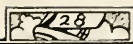
HELEN POTTER
EMMERTON, VIRGINIA

FLORENCE POWELL
NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA

ANNIE PRESSON
DENDRON, VIRGINIA



THE BATTLEFIELD



SARA FRANCES RICE
LEEDSTOWN, VIRGINIA



RUBY RICHERRSON
BAGBY, VIRGINIA

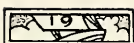


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ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA

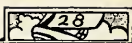


ETHEL ROGERS
FREEMAN, VIRGINIA





THE BATTLEFIELD



AGNES RUSSELL
DRAKES BRANCH, VIRGINIA

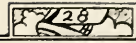
GERTRUDE SAVAGE
LARCHMONT, VIRGINIA

THELMA SHARPE
WAVERLY, VIRGINIA

MARGARET SHAULL
NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA



THE BATTLEFIELD



SHIRLEY SHELL
HAMPTON, VIRGINIA



FRANCES SIMPSON
MONROE, NORTH CAROLINA

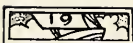


LOTTIE SMELLEY
LA CROSSE, VIRGINIA

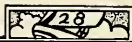


CORA LEE SMITH
FARNHAM, VIRGINIA





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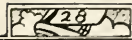
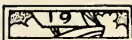


DOROTHEA SMITH
HAMPTON, VIRGINIA

EDITH SNEAD
ROCHVILLE, VIRGINIA

HELEN SNEAD
HALIFAX, VIRGINIA

MARION SPENCER
NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA



LELIA SPINDLE
HUSTLE, VIRGINIA



GLADYS STAPLES
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

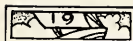


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CRADOCK, VIRGINIA

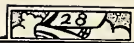


EDNA STEWART
GLEN ALLEN, VIRGINIA





THE BATTLEFIELD

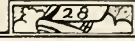
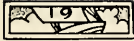


MILDRED STUMP
ROANOKE, VIRGINIA

GRACE TAYLOR
URBANNA, VIRGINIA

DAISY TALIAFERRO
HUSTLE, VIRGINIA

EVELYN THORNTON
COURTLAND, VIRGINIA



LUCILLE TOMLINSON
WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA



IRENE WATKINS
MESSICK, VIRGINIA

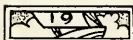


VIRGINIA WEBB
PLEASANT SHADE, VIRGINIA

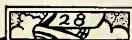


MARGUERITE WELLS
OLD POINT COMFORT, VIRGINIA





THE BATTLEFIELD

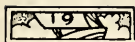


BERTIE WEYMOUTH
CALLAO, VIRGINIA

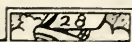
NELLIE WEYMOUTH
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NELLIE WILLIAMS
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

NANCY WILKINS
BIRDS NEST, VIRGINIA



THE BATTLEFIELD

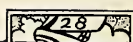
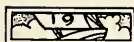


DAISY WILSON
PARRAN, MARYLAND



MATTIE WILSON
FRANKTOWN, VIRGINIA





“How to Wear a Billy-Goat”

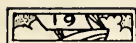
Numbered among the various and sundry things which we have been told how to do are: how to play a no-trump hand in bridge when you hold the joker, and how to talk noiselessly in the library. But someone has asked for an article on how to wear a billy-goat correctly. Upon repetition of this request the following deduction has been made from personal interviews and observation. It is herein printed for the benefit of the ignorantia:

To wear a billy-goat is something that not everyone can do and do gracefully, so the wearing of these animals is confined to two very select groups. One of the groups wears a goat of emerald hue, while the other group adorns itself with a tanferine “beastie.” The only difference between these groups is the color of the goats, but this article to be more democratic will deal with the larger group, the one wearing the orange goat. These people call themselves Sophomores, and call their goats anything. A name for the animal should always be decided upon before donning him. Suggested names may be found in Durant’s “Story of Philosophy” or any book on Greek mythology.

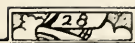
Then the costume. The goat is always worn upon a fleece-lined white sweat-shirt, which in polite society is never worn wrong side outward. The goat in all his radiant glory is firmly sewed upon the front of the shirt, horns pointing upward and feet firmly planted so that the animal has the appearance of defiance.

The sweat-shirt with the goat attached is worn on Tuesday of every week, to all games and other formal affairs. The honored wearer of the goat assumes a different air to be “au fait” when she confronts the campus, attired in the distinctive garb a-la-Sophomore. For with the wearing of the orange goat goes all the individuality, class spirit, friendship and lovableness which has made the Evens, the Sophomores and the Billy-Goat such an important feature of the campus. Here’s to the Sophs, and may the lowly William Goat continue to “baa”.





THE BATTLEFIELD



Life

I come to you with outstretched hands, bringing you all good gifts
that your heart may desire.

It is yours to take from me what you will.

I offer you health, happiness, peace, success, freedom.

I dwell forever in your heart and in the hearts of others, for I
belong to everyone.

If you search, you may also find me in the trees, with the flowers,
beneath the stars or the blue skies, in the winds and storms,
and among the great eternal hills.

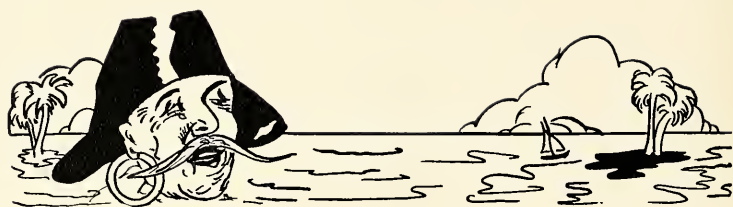
I am all that is fine within you.

I am that which makes comradeship, friendship, love, possible.

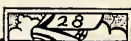
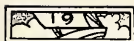
I am that part of you which shall know no death.

I am that which holds your visions, your ideals, always just above
your reach, until you have climbed upward, beyond the stars,
to GOD.

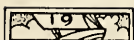
I am "LIFE."



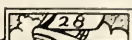




DOROTHY WRIGHT
Adviser



THE BATTLEFIELD



ATWOOD GRAVES

President

EVELYN MITCHELL

Vice-President

NELLYE ROBERTS

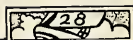
Secretary

AURELIA LEIGH

Treasurer



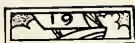
THE BATTLEFIELD



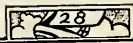
Class of 1931

adams, imogene b.	bushong, margaret lee
allison, elsie lee	chapman, emma
almond, mary v.	charnock, lillian
apperson, frances	clark, evelyn
atkins, emily h.	clement, dorothy
barnes, ilva	clements, eunice
barnes, mabel	clift, bernice
beane, catherine	cline, frances
bell, agnes lewis	cobb, mary owen
bell, olivia	cluberius, thelma
booth, dorothy	cockrill, gladys
booth, lamsdail	conner, elvere
boswell, sadie louise	corr, lucy
boulware, edith	cotten, charlotte
bradford, viola	crawford, virginia
brann, mae	crothers, alice v.
brenner, evelyn	crowder, lurline
brewer, julia	crowe, georgia
bristow, elise	daniel, elizabeth
bruce, virginia	danielson, myrtle
bryant, nellie	davis, bessie
burch, helen	davis, jane





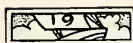
THE BATTLEFIELD



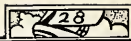
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dutton, hilda
dixon, nettie
elam, louise
ficklin, catherine
flippo, janie campbell
fried, florence
gallagher, kathryn
garner, wilma
garnette, nellie scott
garrison, virginia jane
gibbs, frances ellen
gideon, elizabeth
gill, bertha e.
glenn, jane garrison
goodloe, nannie
gordon, cornelia
gouldman, rouzie
grantham, nell
graves, corra atwood

gray, nellie byrd
greenlaw, virginia
greenspon, goldie
hall, hannah
hamlin, mary
hancock, alice
harding, virginia
harris, charlotte
harris, mary norman
harrison, lula
hart, dorothy
hart, ethleene
hart, virginia
haughton, hazel
hawks, mildred
haynie, virginia
hermon, dorothy
hickman, eva
howard, muriel
hudgins, mae
hughes, sadie
hughes, virginia





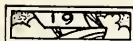
THE BATTLEFIELD



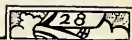
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jacob, helen
jeter, ellen
jones, evelyn
jones, kathryn
kimbrough, eva
king, roberta
lanham, gladys
lathrop, marion
lee, evelyn
lee, hazel
leigh, aurelia
lewis, thelma
lawler, nellie
lutz, ann
mcclary, goldie
mcconchie, mrs. mary
mcgrath, barbara
maddox, ruth
mapp, mary louise

matthews, monita
mays, margaret
miles, mollie
mitchell, belle
mitchell, clare
mitchell, elizabeth g.
mitchell, elizabeth
mitchell, evelyn
mitchell, hilda
mitchell, virginia e.
moore, lucille
moss, jane coleman
moultrup, harriet
murray, ola
norman, janet
omohundro, dora
o'rourke, virginia
pendleton, mariette
penney, lucille
pfalzgraf, adele





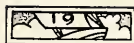
THE BATTLEFIELD



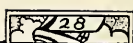
phillipe, hattie
phillips, florence
phillips, marion
phippins, edna
pittman, ridia
powell, elsie
purcell, evelyn
reinhardt, margarate
reynolds, laura
roberts, nellye
rosson, marjorie
rowe, katharine
sager, goldie
sellers, margaret
shaull, louise
somers, vesta
stewart, jeanrette
stinnette, sadie
streagle, lillie
sutton, lucille
thompson, helen
thurston, emily

thweat, olive
tilghman, myrtle
tuck, lois
turner, hilda
valiska, ethel
waddey, elizabeth
wayland, louise
weaver, martha helen
webb, katherine
west, jane elizabeth
white, jessie
whittaker, lottie
williams, sadie
wiltshire, jessie
wingo, margaret
wynn, sallye
wootten, ida
worlcy, rose
wynns, elizabeth
winston, annie
young, mildred





THE BATTLEFIELD



Freshman Class

FRESHMAN spirit now and forever.

Right on time for all the fun.

Evens try so hard to beat us,

Seen in "action" at every game.

Hold us back—if you can.

More of us than any other class.

Always winning—never sinning.

No one is there like the Odds.

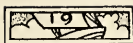
CLASS of '29-'31.

Like us? Everyone does.

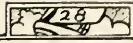
Altogether we are pulling.

Since we came the college is better.

Sh—Sh—here we come. Rah—rah—Freshmen.



THE BATTLEFIELD



"Conscientious Counsel"

(Apologies to Aline Kilmer)

When I was a Freshman I tried so hard
To do as the old girls did:
A wee bit of study and lots of fun,
With all serious purpose hid.

Unopened texts and unknown tests
Brought marks below an "E",
It was all very well for upper classmen,
But it was worse than fatal for me.

For I could not bluff and I never could rave,
And my guesses were never "O. K."
So whenever a question came to me
My wits vanished completely away.

So now I'll sit a-studying here,
And watch the freshmen go by,
And when I see a girl that looks like me,
"Get to your books"—I'll cry.



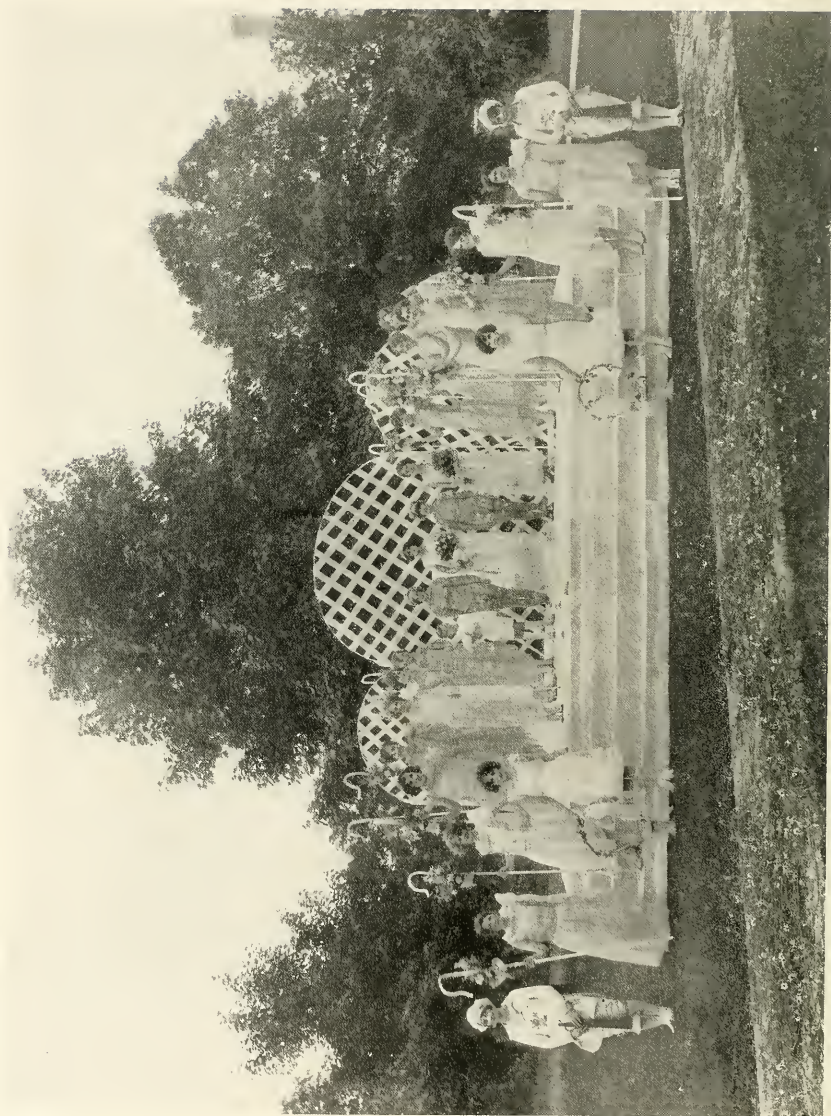
BERNICE WOOD
May Queen, 1926



MARGARET PHILLIPS
May Queen, 1927



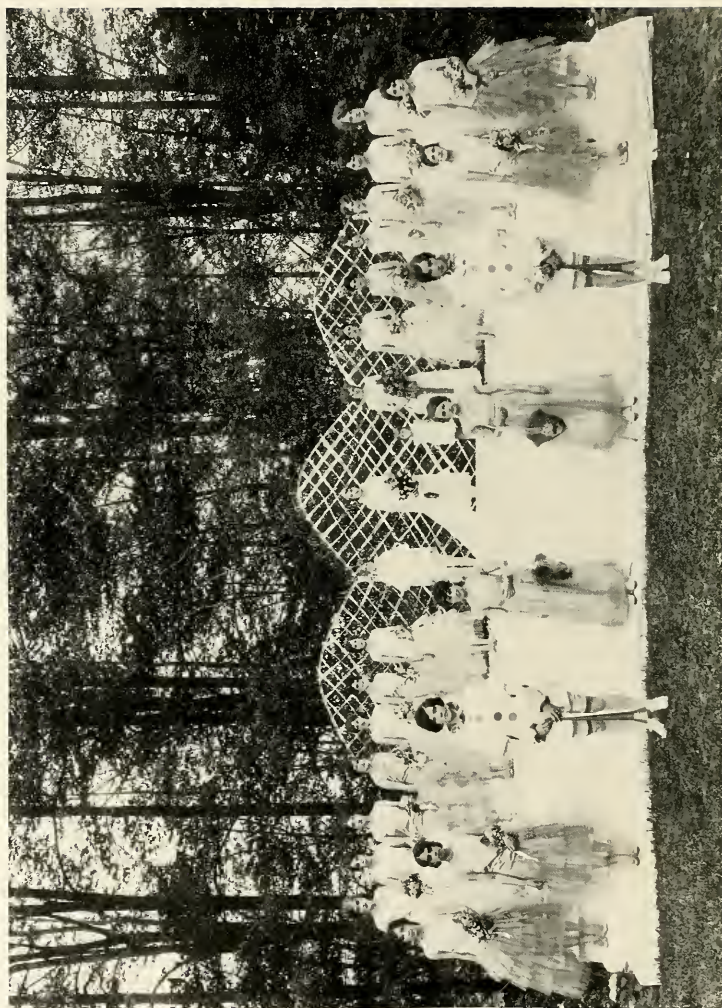
REBECCA DICKERT
May Queen, 1923



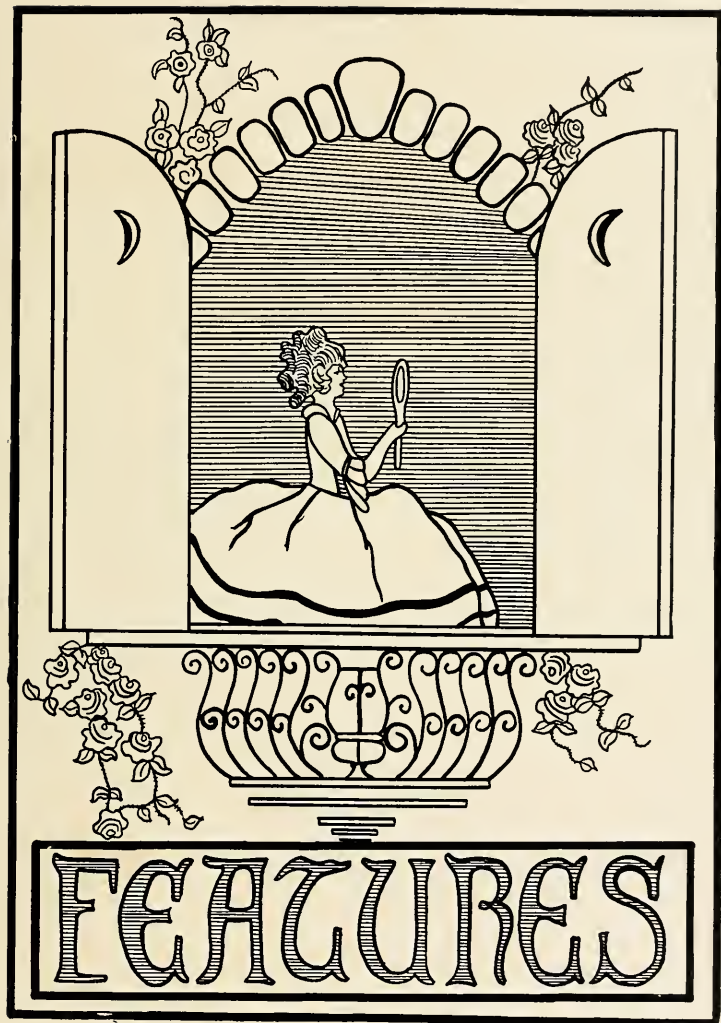
MAY DAY COURT, 1927

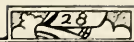
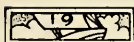


MAY DAY COURT, 1928



MAY DAY COURT, 1923





FEATURES

The Most Athletic.....	CLAUDIA WILKINS
The Best Mixer.....	MILDRED STEWART
The Most Intellectual.....	MOLLY VAUGHAN
The Most Attractive.....	MARGARET PHILLIPS
The "Flippest" Flapper.....	ANN SIMPKINS
The Most Striking.....	MARY BYRD BUXTON



*"With grace to win, with heart to hold
With shining gifts that took all eyes,"*

—EMERSON.



"Friendship—the wine of life."

—YOUNG.



"The mind—the music breathing from her face."

—BYRON.



"She—with all the charm of women."

—TENNYSON.

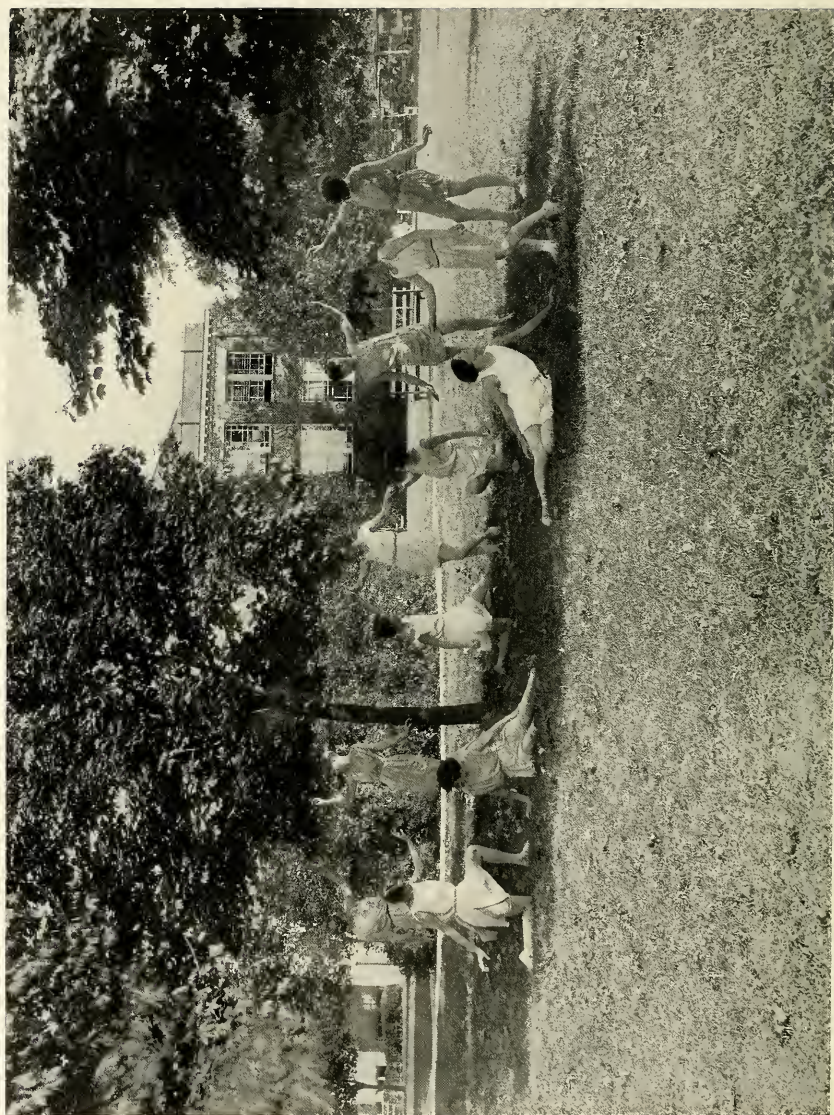


"The girl of my dreams has bobbed her hair."



"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair."

—TENNYSON.

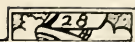
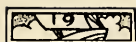




Book 2

“Choose the timber with greatest care
Of all that is unsound beware;
For what is sound and strong,
To this vessel shall belong.
And thus with the rising of the sun,
Was the noble task begun.”





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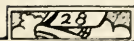
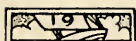
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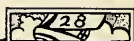
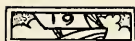
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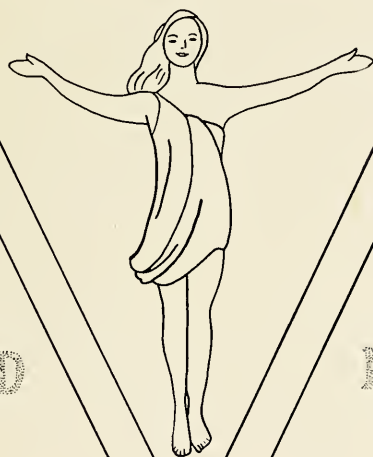
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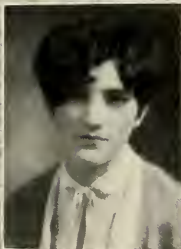
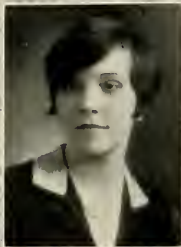
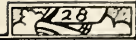
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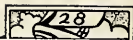
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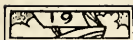
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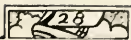
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THE BATTLEFIELD



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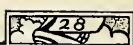
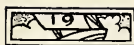
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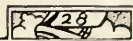
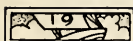
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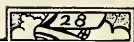
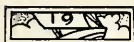
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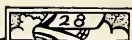
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The Dramatic Club is a truly campus organization, providing that side of life which comes to the student from o'er the footlights. Anyone interested in dramatics, including costuming, lighting, acting and writing of plays, is eligible for membership. The club is up-to-the-minute on all the greatest productions, and early in the year the members had the opportunity of seeing Holbrook Blinn in "The Play's The Thing", playing in Washington.

Among the plays produced by the club is Oliver Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," which was skillfully performed. Other plays produced were: "The Arrival of Kitty," "The Lord's Prayer," "The Patchwork Quilt," and in collaboration with the Y. W. C. A. the immortal "Little Women."





Home Economics Club

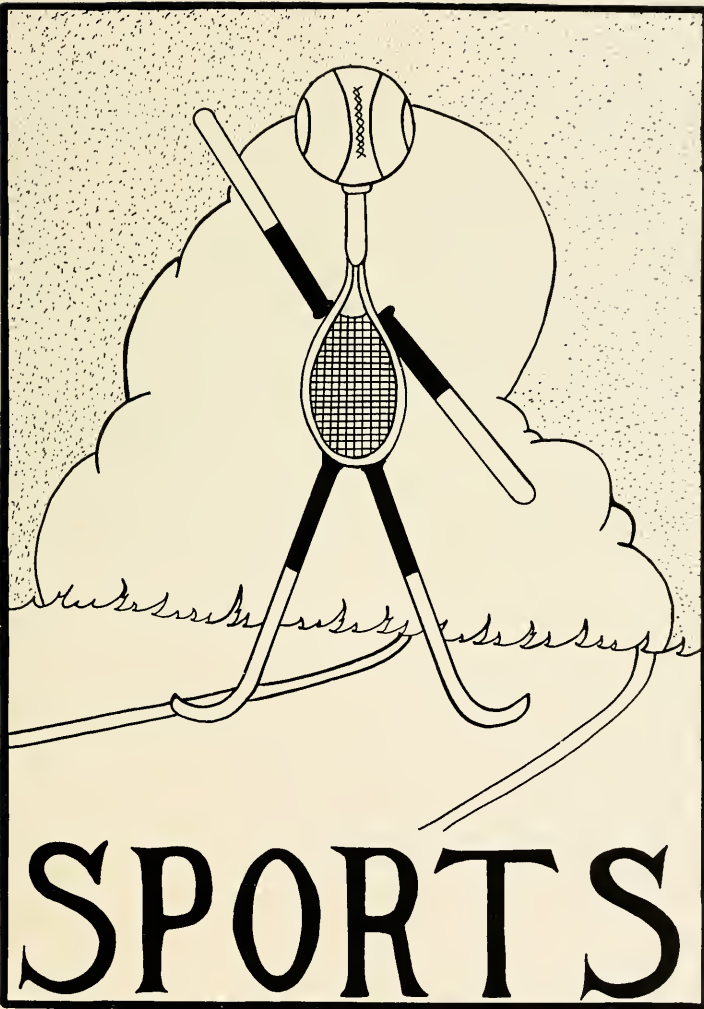
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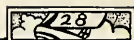
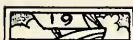
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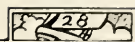
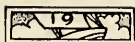


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POEM

*Here's to the Carolinians
The finest in the land.
Let us praise and sing
Each joining hand in hand.
The joys that they bring
Will truly ever last
And be a reminder
Of a glorious past.*



Twin City Club

MOTTO: *If you can't get a nickel, swim across*

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 MILDRED STEWART
 KATHRINE WEBB
 MARJORIE WEST

The Southwest Virginia Club



*Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days of auld lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my friends, we meet
For days of auld lang syne;
We'll take a cup of kindness yet,
For days of auld lang syne.*



Of a surety, Old Acquaintance will *not* be forgot but rather frequently brought to mind in reminiscent mood as the Club meets for a social hour, nor can those of last year who were with us—the "mountain folk" of the Wondrous Southwest—wander by way of such diverging paths but that our interest will follow them.

She was quite a jolly girl to know, and full of pep.
When our society lagged and times were slow
Virginia Frazier made things go.

She is now making things go as principal of a small school in one of the most beautiful spots in Southwest Virginia—the Cove, near Tazewell.

Here's to the best of us all,
Her name I need not call.
For she can dance and she can sing.
In fact, she can do most anything.
Here's to Ruceille Roadcap
In the mountains of Clifton Forge!

Willie Mae Moore with her friendly eyes and kindly manner, her easy way of making friends and dispatching work, is in the school of Bristol. A long, long distance away from us she is, as miles are counted, but not so far but that the spirit of Comradeship can o'er leap intervening miles and call softly to Willie Mae, "We shall not forget you."

Gladys Wolfe—Gladys has left us temporarily and is teaching in North Carolina. We hear that she is contemplating a degree—whether a B. S. or M. R. S. we are not sure. We miss Gladys and her fun-loving, fun-making ways, and we hope that she decides to return to us.

As we sit around the club-table we miss that delightful wit and those gleaming eyes of Virginia Woolfork from Princeton, W. Va. And, scan the newspaper columns as we may, we cannot learn anything definite about what she is doing this year, but we hear that she is making teaching her profession.

ROSTER OF 1928

REBECCA DICKERT, Bristol, Virginia.....*President*
MILDRED STUMP, Roanoke, Virginia.....*Vice-President*
LOUISE STINETTE, Salem, Virginia.....*Secretary-Treasurer*

ELEANOR DOGGETT, Kingsport, Tennessee
SARE FRANCES RICE, Clifton Forge, Virginia
RACHAEL WINGFIELD, Martinsville, Virginia
LUCILLE DUFFY, Haymakertown, Virginia
VIRGINIA RUFF, Bedford, Virginia
DOROTHY WILKINSON, Lynchburg, Virginia
MARGARET REINHARDT, Lynchburg, Virginia
LILLIAN MAYS, Amherst, Virginia
CLAIRE STONE, Goshen, Virginia
MR. AND MRS. O. H. DARTER, Churchville, Tennessee
MIGNON BUSHNELL, Roanoke, Virginia

THE BATTLEFIELD



"IN OLD VIENNA" (PICKLES)—PRESENTED BY THE CHORAL CLUB, MAY, 1927

CAST OF CHARACTERS

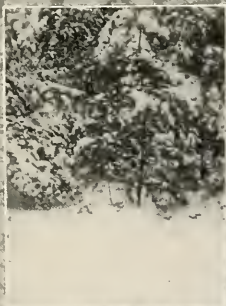
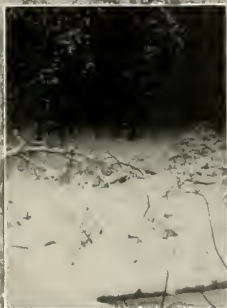
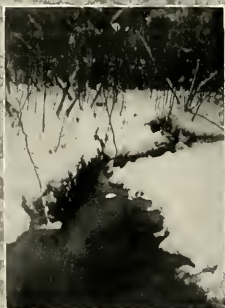
Hans Maier	ANNE CUNNINGHAM
Louisa	FRANCES HARDY
Capt. Kinski	FELICIA FEINSWOG
Rumski } Sleuths	MARY ALICE SPILMAN
Bumski }	LUCY HOBSON
J. Jennison Jones	CELE McLAUGHLIN
Jing	ELLEN FOX
Ilana	HAZEL DUFF
Arthur Crefont	MILDRED STEWART
June Pennington	ELIZABETH CRISMOND
Jonas Pennington	VIRGINIA MUSSELMAN
Lady Vivian DeLancy	LULU WILLIAMS
Carnival King	VIRGINIA W. LACY
Fairy Queen	RUTH ROBERTS
Firefly	MORJARIE GOODWIN

SPECIAL DANCES

MISSSES MARION DELK, JESSIE SQUIRE, DUVAL CHRISTIAN

TOURISTS, VIENNESE MEN AND MAIDENS, GYPSIES

MISSSES BEDSOE, GILLET, SANFORD, SMITH, SELF, WILKINSON, RUFF, HEINTZMAN, SNYDER, RUSSELL, WELLS, BILLINGSLEY, ROADCAP, FRIEND, DECKER, HAYDON, VAUGHN, FRYE, TROLAND, HODSDEN, GRIFFIN, PASSAGALUPPI, LEWIS, DRAPER, KIDWELL, WILKINSON





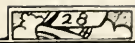
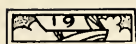
HOME COMING DAY



Book 3

"And soon throughout the shipyard's bounds
 Were heard the intermingled sounds
 Of axes and of mallets, plied
 By vigorous arms on every side.
 Day by day the vessel grew,
 With timbers fashioned strong and true."





Athletics



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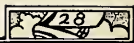
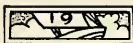
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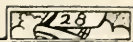
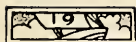
Athletics for All

The day has arrived when athletics in schools and colleges should be organized and conducted as an educational project and not as a sideshow, extra curricular affair, or student amusement activity. That they are invaluable to the child, the youth, the adult, is acknowledged today. In a surprisingly short time, namely, during the past fifteen or twenty years, owing to an innate love for sport and the growing tendency of rivalry and to the conservatism and shortsightedness of educators, we find strong student athletic associations flourishing—associations invested with full control of the athletic program of their college. But these athletics are for a chosen few—men who star in some one branch of sport. Is that fair? What of the “all-round man”—interested in all phases of school activities—literary, social, academic? What of his natural love for games, for sport? Shall he not be given any consideration? Is he to have no outlet on the athletic field for his surplus energies? Also we might add that statistics have proven the disadvantages from moral, mental, and physical standpoints of a too constant drilling in one sport.

Athletics develop traits for leadership, citizenship and co-operation. A good “sport” must be unselfish as well as just. Hence the moral benefits of “Athletics For All.” As for the mental side—they stimulate the brain to constant, quick and intense thinking. Brains are equally as important as brawn in this age of scientific play.

Therefore, a desire for sports must be enkindled in the mind and heart of our nation. A desire for all sports—not one sport—not for one hero, but for all.

Leave an old house unoccupied for a few years—what happens? It soon crumbles away and decays. Just so with our bodies. We must constantly use them—keep them in repair. There is no better preservative than—athletics! Athletics for all!



Varsity Hockey

TECLA DREIFUS

Captain

CLAUDIA WILKINS
ALICE LEWIS
DAISY HAMLIN
STELLA GARRENTON
ELIZABETH SHANK
EMMA LOU COOKE
ELIZABETH HARRISON

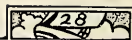
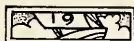
MILDRED STEWART
ALTIVATER PERRY
EVELYN MITCHELL
CYNTHIA GREENE
CARRIE DUNKUM
HILDA BELOTE



CHEER LEADERS

MILDRED STEWART

ANNE SIMPKINS



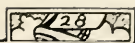
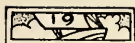
Varsity Basketball Squad

CARRIE DUNKUM
Manager

HILDA BELOTE
CLAUDIA WILKINS
HELEN MCKENNEY
NELLIE WILLIAMS
MARON BROADDUS
LUCILLE PENNEY
MOLLY VAUGHAN

TECLA DREIFUS
Captain

ELIZABETH SHANK
EVELYN ROBINSON
GEORGIA LEE KAY
ALICE LEWIS
ALTVATER PERRY
MARGARET PHILLIPS



Senior Hockey

ALICE L. LEWIS

Captain

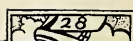
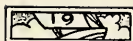
HILDA BELOTE
CLAUDIA WILKINS
BEATRICE GALLAGHER
EMMA LOU COOKE
TECLA DREIFUS
HENRIETTA DREIFUS

ELEANOR DOGGETT
ADELAIDE HERNDON
SALLY B. WALKER
RACHAEL WINGFIELD
MARY BYRD BUNTON



CHEER LEADER

MILDRED STEWART



Senior Basketball

G. MARGARET PHILLIPS

Captain

G. CLAUDIA WILKINS
C. ALICE LEWIS

F. HILDA BELOTE
F. TECLA DREIFUS

C. HELEN MCKENNEY

SUBSTITUTES

EMMA LOU COOKE

MRS. DARTER

DUVAL CHRISTIAN

SALLY B. WALKER



Senior Baseball

E. COOKE

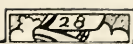
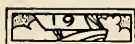
Captain

L. DARTER
S. B. WALKER
B. GALLAGHER

T. DREIFUS
A. HERNDON
D. WILKINSON

R. WINGFIELD
E. DOCKETT
C. WILKINS

H. BELOTE
A. LEWIS



Junior Hockey

ELIZABETH SHANK, *L. W.*

Captain

MOLLY VAUGHAN, *C. F.*

ALTVATER PERRY, *L. I.*

VIRGINIA GARDNER, *R. I.*

MARIETTA STEPHENSON, *R. W.*

ZELLA MANEY, *C. H.*

CHARLOTTE GARNER, *L. H.*

ELIZABETH HARRISON, *R. F.*

HELEN WORROCK, *R. H.*

MILDRED STEWART, *C.*

JULIA TROLAND, *L. F.*

SUBSTITUTES

MARGARET BRANCH

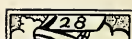
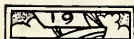
HELEN VAN DENBERG



CHEER LEADERS

MARGARET BRANCH

ELIZABETH DODSON



Junior Basketball

CHARLOTTE GARNER, *F.*

Captain

ELIZABETH SHANK, *F.*
MOLLY VAUGHAN, *C.*

ELIZABETH HARRISON, *G.*
MARY ROWE, *G.*

ALTVATER PERRY, *C.*

SUBSTITUTES

EDNA HENDERSON

MARGARET BRANCH

INEZ LEE

MARIETTA STEPHENSON



Junior Baseball

MOLLY VAUGHAN, *C.*

Captain

ELIZABETH HARRISON, *P.*
MILDRED STEWART, *F. B.*
ANNIE BUTLER, *S. B.*

CHARLOTTE GARNER, *T. B.*
ELIZABETH SHANK, *Short*
EDNA HENDERSON, *R. F.*

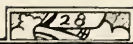
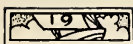
ELIZABETH COE, *C. F.*
INEZ LEE, *L. F.*

SUBSTITUTES

GERTRUDE ELLERTON
ALTVATER PERRY

MARIETTA STEPHENSON
MARY LEE NUSSEY

MARGARET BRANCH



Sophomore Hockey

GARNET
CASTINE
RUSSELL

PARSLEY
DUNKUM
CARRENTON

GREENE
DAUGHTERY
PANCOAST

HOUCHINS
PETTUS

SUBSTITUTES

COLEMAN
DAVIS

KYLE
EDMONDSON

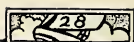
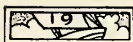
WILLIAMS



CHEER LEADERS

ANNE SIMPKINS

FELICIA FEINSWOG



Sophomore Basketball

GEORGIA LEE KAY, C.

Captain

NELLIE WILLIAMS, F.
ELIZABETH MINOR, F.

LOTTIE SMELLEY, F.
EVELYN ROBINSON, C.

GLADYS HOUGHENS, G.
MARON BROADBUSH, G.

SUBSTITUTES

LECLAIRE DAUGHTREY

HELEN POTTER

DAISY HAMLIN



Sophomore Baseball

V. PANCOAST

Captain

L. DAUGHTREY
C. DUNKUM
E. ARMSTRONG

H. SNEAD
V. AYRES
M. BROADBUSH

N. WILLIAMS
G. HOUGHINS

SUBSTITUTE

CLARENCE GARLAND



Freshman Hockey

DAISY HAMLIN, *R. I.*

Captain

EVELYN BRENNER, *R. W.*
 VIRGINIA HAYNIE, *C. F.*
 MARY HAMLIN, *L. I.*

EVELYN MITCHELL, *L. W.*
 BESSIE DAVIS, *R. H.*
 ATWOOD GRAVES, *C. H.*
 VIRGINIA HART, *L. H.*

GLADYS COCKRILL, *R. F.*
 JESSIE DAVIS, *L. F.*
 RUTH MADDOX, *C.*

SUBSTITUTES

NELLIE BRYANT
 EVA HICKMAN

CHARLOTTE HARRIS
 MABEL BARNES

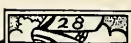
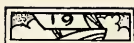
MOLLEY MILES
 JANE DAVIS



CHEER LEADERS

MYRTLAND PARKER

IDA WOOTEN



Freshman Basketball

L. PENNEY

Captain

M. HAMLIN

C. FICKLIN

M. TILCHMAN

G. CROWE

A. GRAVES

E. JONES



Freshman Baseball—Champions

JANETTE NORMAN

Captain

MARIAN PHILLIPS
VIRGINIA HAYNIE

EVELYN JONES
GLADYS COCKRILL
RUTH MADDOX

MYRTLE TILCHMAN
LANSDALE BOOTHE
MOLLY MILES

LOIS TUCK
MARY HAMLIN

ALICE LEWIS
Coach



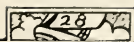
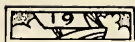




Book 4

“And around it columns of smoke upwreathing
Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething
Cauldron, that glowed
And overflowed,
Amid the clamors
Of clattering hammers.”

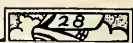
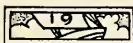




I Met Autumn

I met Autumn the other day
In a rather lovely way,
In the many color-tipped leaves
In the heaps of golden sheaves,
In the sky's hazy blue,
In the twilight's misty hue.
I met Autumn the other day
In a rather lovely way.

—CLARA WOODARD PARKER.



The Gentleman's Game

I was one of the guests who hovered in the background of this house-party. The role of forming part of a setting of gaiety, sociality and joyful freedom for a few more popular, more attractive and more magnetic personalities was a new one for me, but I had known before I accepted the invitation that Helene was going to be there. Helene—her name bespeaks sparkling personality, youth and beauty, and wherever she went she drew the eyes and attention of all with whom she came in contact. She shone in the spotlight of public approval, and I as one of her best friends felt myself a favored individual.

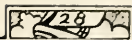
All of our crowd were interested in her rumored engagement to a certain young lawyer, Larrimore Colby, of which we knew nothing. I half suspect that the desire to see what Helene was intending to marry had caused more invitations to be demanded than was usually registered for house-parties; but then I may be too harsh in my judgment of mankind.

Helene had written, "I know, Janie, that you will like him because you and I have always been, as we say, kindred spirits. We are not going to be married for a while yet, as Larry is hoping to get the Smith-Roberts strike case. If he does, it will mean so much to him and to us, because even though I love him with all my heart I don't want my friends to think—well, you know what they would think." Of course I knew what her friends would think. The usual thing that society thinks when a person like Helene marries a man unknown financially or socially in the world. Again, I say I may be too harsh.

Having arrived late, I did not see them until three o'clock in the afternoon, when I came upon them down at the tennis courts. They were sitting together, seemingly waiting for a court, and intent upon a game being played. I did not join them, but seated myself on another bench and from the side enjoyed watching them as they talked about the game in progress. In those few moments I learned more about the intended groom than Helene had told me in all her rambling letters, for I consider myself quite a delineator of character. He seemed to me the type of what I have always supposed resembled a knight devoid of coat of mail. Tall, dark-haired, blue-eyed, with a face that revealed high ideals, courage, liberal mindedness, glowing with pride and love for the woman beside him. I began picturing him as a great historical character, but I could not decide which heroic figure he most resembled.



THE BATTLEFIELD



As I started to let my mind revel in romantic fancies, I was attracted by their conversation about the game, which was plainly being given away. The man was letting Betty Grinnells, a weak player, win in a manner censored by most of us. Helene was saying, "I don't like that at all. Why, he deliberately weakened his defense and let her win."

"Yes," said Larrie, handing her the racket, "but he was playing a gentleman's game, letting the lady win."

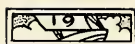
"Well," said Helene, as they started for the court, "don't dare try a gentleman's game with me."

I looked at Larry as she spoke and so I noticed something that Helene did not. Larry was biting his lip.

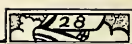
I watched them play only a few minutes before I knew that all was not as it should be. Helene was a good player, but I had seen amateur men beat her graciously in a well-fought game by endurance only. Men usually set a hard running pace. This time, though, Helene was plainly winning and with ease, Larry returning only a few serves swinging awkwardly at those he missed. He appeared to be concealing his playing powers by feigning to be a poor player and letting Helene win. Why, I could not understand. It was a repetition of the gentleman's game. The set continued as it had begun and ended 6-1, Larry having won the last game. The players left the court in silence, anger and embarrassment poorly concealed on Helene's flushed face. I knew that her pride had been crushed by the knowledge that she had been allowed to win as had Betty Grinnells, a notoriously weak player.

That evening an informal dance was given on the verandah, but I did not go down because my terpsichorean arts are somewhat limited, and, too, I wanted to finish "Beau Geste", which I had begun on the train coming down. Helene and I were in the same room and although she seemed much out of sorts I helped her dress hoping that she would confide in me. She seemed to be weighing something in her mind, however, and said nothing until she was entirely dressed. Pausing in the door, she expressed her regrets at me missing the fun, and left me to my book and my thoughts.

I settled down to my book and read for perhaps two hours before I finished it. It was quite warm in the room for there was not much breeze blowing: so I stepped out on the balcony adjoining our bedroom to enjoy the coolness and beauty of the midsummer night. There was a garden bench below the balcony, and two figures seated were engaged in conversation, which was growing louder and more intelligible. I laughed to myself in my cynical way as I pictured some girl listening to an ardent revelation of love, which would be discussed sacrilegiously tomorrow morning.



THE BATTLEFIELD



Listening more intently I recognized the voice as Larry's, but with a pleading note in it.

"Please, Helene, believe me? Really, I wasn't playing a gentleman's game. Take back the ring and let us not be so foolish as to ruin our lives over a 6-1 tennis set."

An icy voice which sounded like a twig encased in ice blowing in a March wind said, "Only a cad would do something so small as to publicly embarrass a woman and then deny it. I can't take back the ring I tell you because I cannot marry a cheat. You cheated me of a fair victory in that set by cheating yourself. Why did you do it?"

"But I tell you again and again, I played the best that I could. Why won't you believe me?"

"Your best is someone else's worst," said Helene, as she turned and walked rapidly up the verandah steps, but Larry remained. He remained in the moonlight, motionless, staring at the heavens. Somehow, I felt that Justice portrayed as the blind goddess was truly blind.

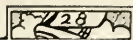
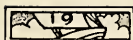
Helene said nothing to me when she came in. I would not mention the subject because I feared the descent of her wrath upon my head, and then too I was no little ashamed at my lack of will power as to willingly overhear such a private conversation.

I never saw Larry again, because I understood the next morning that he had caught the six o'clock train back to the city on urgent business. It sounded plausible to everyone but two, Helene and me, and the day went on as days do, but something was lacking.

The next morning we all went back to the city and back to the monotony of doing something with ourselves. Helene I knew would go back to teas, receptions, operas and gay society, but I prided myself on being a professional woman, for I write the book reviews in *The Globe*. I knew that it would be some time before we would see each other again.

To be exact, it was nearly a month later that I saw her as I boarded a train to Philadelphia with Russell Hunter, dean of a Poughkeepsie prep school. Helene was in the same coach with us and welcomed us with her old merry smile, since we all three knew each other quite well. By turning one of the seats around we managed to sit together and indulge in "shop" talk. Realizing that Helene wasn't so interested in our professional scopes Russell witlessly began talking about the social activities of the summer. Witlessly, I say, for within two minutes of the time he ventured on the subject he came out with.

"Say, Helene, how is your engagement with Larrimore coming along? I haven't seen much of him lately, but they say he is working like mad on that strike case."



So he had got the strike case. Helene ignored the first part of the question and answered a polite "Yes."

Not in the least daunted, and innocent of the dangerous subject upon which he was volunteering information, Russell continued. "He used to come down to my place a lot during the early part of the summer. He nearly bothered me to death raving about you and trying to get me to teach him how to play tennis. I only had time to give him two lessons, but he ought to make a good player, he was so crazy to learn how."

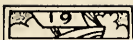
I looked at Helene, who had gone a queer white during this speech and gripping the edge of the seat, she said in short, jumpy words, "Learn how to play! Why I understood that he was an athlete in college."

Artlessly Russell said, "Yes, in football, but there is a lot of difference in that and tennis."

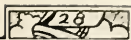
I changed the subject and chattered away like the fabled magpie to cover up Helene's discomfiture and to help her regain her poise. I knew that Russell and I might have as well been by ourselves for Helene was shut off by a wall of her thoughts. As I listened to Russell's idea of the cause of an uprising in China, I caught myself wondering what Helene thought of the gentleman's game and her selfish pride. Had the lady really won? Somehow I knew that the lady would win by conquering her fight with pride and—I was right.







THE BATTLEFIELD



? ? ?

What caused the Juniors' ire,
Even stirred the "devil's" fire,
Since with questions he did tire
And weary his mind?

What caused more speculation,
More wonder and perturbation
Than all other celebration,
No matter what kind? ———
The Seniors' "you know whats."



Famous Pets

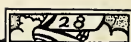
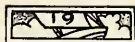
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Why Girls Fail at College

(S. T. C. and otherwise)

exa**M**s
r**E**gulations
weeke**N**ds

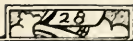
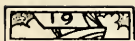


Proverbially Speaking, Our Faculty Believes That—

- "Time is money." Mr. Chandler.
"A cheerful book makes a dish a feast." Mrs. Ruff.
"Words without thought are of no avail." Dr. Cook.
"Cut and come again." Miss Karr.
"The Lion is not so fierce as they paint him." Mr. Tyner.
"Art is power." Miss Duggan.
"Nothing is certain but death and taxes." Mr. Darter.
"Tell me your company and I'll tell you what you are." Mrs. Bushnell.
"Wise men say nothing in dangerous times." Mr. Jones.
"An apple a day keeps the doctor away." Mr. Dorsett.

AND AS FOR US

- "Better late than never" to class.
"Better the feet slip than the tongue" before council.
"Walls have tongues and hedges ears"—(Sh, sh, sh!)
"There is nothing new 'cept what is forgotten"—the staff.
"Sweetest melodies are those heard from a distance"—voice students practicing.
"Better a bad excuse than none at all"—term paper's due.
"A rolling stone gathers no moss"—overweight class.
"What is yours is mine and all mine is yours"—"roomies."
"There's a time for all things"—the bells say.
"Some people are more nice than wise"—our consolation.
"Never say 'Fail' again." (Teachers please note.)
"A delusion, a mockery—and a snare"—Education.
"Times change and we change with them"—Life.



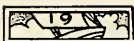
An Episode

Barbara gazed anxiously around the lobby of the Biltmore, trying to find him among the many well-dressed men who thronged here at the lunch hour. No, there was nobody who answered his description. True, there *was* a man in a dark gray suit and a striped blue tie, but that was merely a coincidence. Why, that man was positively hopeless looking; he even had red hair!

She rose impatiently from her chair and walked toward the other entrance to see if by any chance he had come in that way. But her search was unrewarded and she returned wearily to her chair. It was awfully impolite of him to keep her waiting, and besides she was terribly excited about seeing him; he ought to know better than keep her in suspense.

Bits of his letters came to her mind as she sat there waiting. She remembered the first one when he had said, among other things, "Ever since Johnny started talking about you I have wanted to know you, and at last I have found courage to write. Seriously, it's no easy thing to write even the friendliest and most inoffensive letter to one's roommate's girl and get away with it"—and later—"When I first heard about you I was interested, but when I heard Johnny read your letters I knew that you were my girl, not Johnny's."

And after the correspondence had progressed quite far there had been the time he had said: "Isn't it wonderful the way our thoughts are always the same. For instance, take the matter of Scott Fitzgerald. I am delighted that you are so enthusiastic about him, for I have come to think—waving aside implied vanity—that it takes a remarkably poised person to fully appreciate him, and that his books will not live, because there are so few personalities really big enough to accept his somewhat radical but delightful theories. My entire social career has been divided between moments of intense conformity to the orthodox coolness of the Fitzgeraldian doctorings and wild pagan departures from the same. . . . I might add that I have derived great pleasure, from both moods, and that many an emotional crisis has resulted in sundry conservatories, music rooms, upstairs club lounges, steps, kitchens, the back seats of parked limousines at country clubs (for of course these are the only proper settings for emotional crises) when straying from the tenets of that estimable author. It may be significant that the most gorgeous and spectacular of the many parties who were the complimentary personalities to these crises, inevitably responded with the most enthusiasm to a strictly Fitzgeraldian conduct and 'line'."



THE BATTLEFIELD



Barbara had sighed when she received that letter. To think that anyone who agreed so thoroughly and understandingly with her own thoughts should be so far away. And then had come that most marvelous letter of all—*he* was coming to New York and wanted to see her—would she meet him in the lobby of the Biltmore at one o'clock on December 13th?

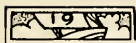
It was now one-thirty on December 13th. Barbara gazed around inquiringly again. Nowhere could she see the tall, dark man of her dreams and of her letters. Well, he might have been detained; she would give him another fifteen minutes.

In the chair directly opposite hers a man in a dark gray suit and striped blue necktie squirmed uneasily and craned his neck jerkily now and then as though in search of someone. She was not there and his frown deepened. No, there was no one there who answered her description. The fact that the girl across the aisle wore a dark green coat with gray fur as *she* had promised merely increased his irritation. Why must that little washed-out blonde wear something he associated with the stately brunette of his dreams?

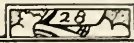
He wished she would hurry. Of course, girls were always late, but this was really an extra-special occasion and thirty minutes was stretching things. But it would be worth waiting to meet Her; anyone who could write letters like hers—*whoo!* He wondered what sort of a light would come into her eyes when she saw him, and would she know him right away? Of course, he would recognize her as soon as she entered; the very atmosphere was bound to vibrate to such an intense personality as hers. He would give her another fifteen minutes.

Well—she didn't seem to be coming. Something must have happened to keep her away; he might as well run on to that party Betty Squire was having. He strolled over to the telephones to call Betty. The girl in the booth looked familiar. Oh, yes, he recognized Her with a start of annoyance; it was the little blonde who had dared to wear her green and gray.

"Hello," she was saying, "yes, we might as well go on down to that stupid house-party, George, I've decided that I don't want to keep my other date. Yes, well I'll meet you around at the Biltmore in about an hour. No, I couldn't possibly get way down there before three o'clock. All right—I'll be seeing you then. Good-bye."



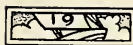
THE BATTLEFIELD



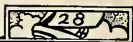
To a Rose

Oh dusty rose,
Alone in the glimmering moonlight.
Your heart is a deep red glow
Buried in the sheen of a starlit night.
Even your soul is buried in tears.
Tears of the sparkling dew.
Dear lovely rose that grows,
Has love come to you?

—FRANCES CLINE.



THE BATTLEFIELD



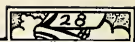
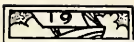
Detachment

Crisp dry leaves beneath my body
Prone on the drowsy earth.
Pools of sunlight, making patterns.
Dreamy quiet prevails.
A leaf flutters gently down.

Earth is like a quaint old lady
Dreaming of girlhood days,
Living over her youth and springtime,
Nodding as she dreams.
She breathes a gentle sigh.

Whirl of life and calling voices
Beat on unheeding ears.
I am a part of the leaves and sunlight,
I drift in a sea of dreams.
Life goes busily on.





Evolution—Revolution—Or What Not !!

PROLOGUE: Do not take this too seriously. It's only a story, so don't worry about the ending. It must be a happy one.

As they trudged wearily up the hill toward Washington Avenue, a car whizzed by—"S. T. C. Bound." What a dear car—his car—the pre-war Ford of Aloysius, and for each separate rattle, numerous tho' they were, Roxanna registered a separate and distinct thrill. Had she not worshipped him from afar, dreamed of him, sung of him ever since she had first seen him? Only two weeks had passed since she had first glimpsed his shiny black hair shimmering in the sunlight. It had been at the very moment when she had alighted from the train, for he had been at the station to meet some fair damsel. He was so-o cute; so utterly adorable, slightly smaller in stature than Roxanna, but what are a few inches between friends—or between lovers, for that matter? Who cares?

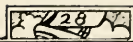
And now at last she would hear his voice (someone had informed her that he lisped, but then hadn't she always loved baby-talk?) for surely he would ride them to town; Roxanna and her devoted friend and loyal room-mate, Glorianna Louisa. Who could resist these two appealing little (if one may employ this adjective in reference to three hundred and fifty pounds of girlness—divide by two if you are interested in individual weights) freshmen—"S. S. and G.ness" radiating from every fluffy ruffle of their white organdy dresses—graduation dresses—saved especially for this first trip to town. Nevertheless, despite their appealing appearance, plus Roxanna's most radiant smile, the car, now on its return from school, passed them by only to stop a block further on for two old girls—clad in *white sweat-shirts*. Strange—the tastes of men. Imagine preferring those roughly attired girls to them. Why! Roxanna *almost* lost faith in Aloysius.

"Glorianna Louisa, what is the matter with us? It couldn't be our clothes, not with this ravishing costume of my 'as-good-as-new' organdy and this brand new red tam o' shanter—and yet—"

Roxanna's voice trailed off into silence—tears dimmed her china blue eyes—her rosebud lips quivered, her Coty-covered chin trembled. Glorianna had not been a cinema addict for nothing—so she recognized the symptoms—Roxanna was on the verge of tears. Observant girl—Glorianna Louisa. That's why she's an "A" teacher today!



THE BATTLEFIELD



Gay voices, bustle, confusion. Victrolas, several of them, playing simultaneously—Kishpaugh's, the S. T. C. girls' haven of rest! Roxanna and Glorianna Louise at the magazine shelf wondering whether to purchase "The W. C. T. U Bulletin" or "Missionary Messages." Tired of waiting, Roxanna stealthily picked up a "Good Housekeeping"—began reading the ads.—Ah! a smile of infinite peace, of joy, swept over her countenance. She had found the answer to all her problems. And so, quite boldly and determinedly she bought the magazine, for in those few moments, from those few words, "it was given her to see the influence of the Home Dressmaking Institute on her own future." That night she dreamed that she, too, flirted with the handsome clerks in the store—that she, too, like the old girls, knew the trick of asking, "Mr. —, haven't you 'Just One Kiss'?"

* * * * *

A windy day in February. A stylish, girlish figure eagerly climbed the hill to Washington Avenue. The poised head above the becoming hue of a chic black frock. hat pulled jauntily close to flaming cheeks—Miss Style plus—you might say.

The grinding of brakes—a car pulls up to the sidewalk—the driver (since it is none other than our hero Aloysius, a la checkered suit and brilliant orange tie) lisps, "Wanta ride?"

In the car beside the man of her dreams Roxanna can only stammer trivial things—banal things.

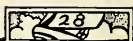
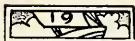
"Oo muth be a new girl here, aren't you?" the lisping hero asks.

"No-o, not exactly," she coyly replies.

"Will oo dive me a date for the dance tonight?"

"Yes, Aloysius, thanks to the Home Dressmaking Institute."

EPilogue OR MORAL: Read the ads.—'cause fine feathers make adorable geese, and thirty-eight and two are forty.



Slogans for Advertising Campaign

THE STUDENT BODY:

- (1) "New Frigidaires of Surpassing Beauty."
- (2) "Sun-Kist Lemons."
- (3) "Some Show a gain of ten or eleven pounds."
- (4) "Alluring Charm that men admire."
- (5) "57 Varieties."

THE FACULTY:

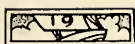
- (1) "It had to be good to get where it is."
- (2) "They satisfy."
- (3) "So original and different that comparisons are impossible."
- (4) "They awaken childhood memories with the true old-fashioned savor."

THE ADMINISTRATION:

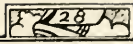
- (1) "When a little girl needs her mother most."
- (2) "The danger line."
- (3) "Guaranteed to kill or cure."
- (4) "A sure way to end it."

THE SCHOOL:

- (1) "A warmth that comes from within."
- (2) "Compare it to any and judge by results alone."
- (3) "Its charm is only increased by the perspective."
- (4) "Made to measure. You'll like it."



THE BATTLEFIELD



Same time—Day
Same place—S. T. C.

My very dear Margaret:

Yes, that means you Maggie. I can't blame you for not recognizing the dignified appellation—even though you should be Miss Formality-plus, after a whole year's teaching experience. To explain the ultra-conventional-back-to-classicism movement (no! nothing like the Carolina wiggle)—I've just completed a course in English—made an "A", and so to boast of my progress I am writing.

Speaking of progress, my dear chile, you should see your old Alma Mater. She has been rejuvenated—face lifted, eyebrows plucked, hair dyed, etc.—to be less symbolical—we are at last being allowed a few of those liberties we've been longing for—lo! these many years. Card playing is permitted!—I can almost hear your cry of astonishment, almost visualize your wondering countenance. Of course there are limitations. For instance, no bridge is allowed on Sundays or other Sabbath days—but—who cares?

Another bit of stunning news—the swimming pool—yes, that same swimming pool you prayed for when you were here—is at last completed and is in actual use, as the noise issuing from that building doth daily certify. Only thing, those suits *are* discouraging. Picture me and my eighty pounds of bones in a gray "reg" in which even Venus herself would seem unappealing. "Seasimps"—Miss Enders calls us.

Even now as I write this, the song of the bird, perched on a limb near my window, is rudely interrupted by the harsh sound of a concrete mixer, for, Mag, love, the new training school has been started, and according to all plans will be fully finished by September. A good test for theories on "the force of environment"—teaching those little devils amidst those heavenly surroundings.

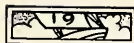
And now, the real import of my letter—please return for Commencement.

WE ARE ALWAYS GLAD TO HAVE THE ALUMNAE WITH US.

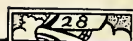
God love 'em—'cause I do—

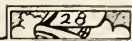
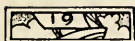
As ever,

SUE.



THE BATTLEFIELD





Varsity "S. A." (Starring All) Team

MISS BEE YHU, *Manager*

MISS ESS DEE, *Couch*

VIRGINIA MITCHELL	<i>Left End</i>
BETTY BURHANS	<i>Left Tackle</i>
BLANCHIE RUSSELL	<i>Left Guard</i>
HAVILAH BENNETT	<i>Center</i>
"CHEESE" CROTHERS	<i>Right Guard</i>
ANN LUTZ	<i>Right Tackle</i>
LILLIAN CHARNOCK	<i>Right End</i>
GRACE PENDLETON	<i>Quarterback</i>
ROSE WORLEY	<i>Left Halfback</i>
BILLIE STUMP	<i>Right Halfback</i>
HULDAH MORTON	<i>Fullback</i>

SUBS:

SELLERS	PARKER	TAYLOR
PHILLIPS	SISSON	CHRISTIAN
SAUNDERS	CAIN	SIMPKINS
	ELLERTON	

Teams to be played in order of succession:

1. U. of Va.	5. V. M. I.	9. West Point	13. Princeton
2. U. of R.	6. V. P. I.	10. Annapolis	14. Harvard
3. U. of Md.	7. R.-M. C.	11. Ga. Tech.	15. Dartmouth
4. U. of Pa.	8. M. C. V.	12. Yale	16. G. W. U.

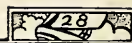
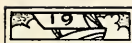
Further games yet to be scheduled.

PRACTICE FIELD—Fredericksburg—in vicinity of Lewis's, Feueherd's, or Kishpaugh's.

TIME OF PRACTICE—Afternoons between 3 and 6. All league games are forbidden to be played on home territory. Points preferred for scene of fracas—any on compass—that are either North, South, East or West.

TIME LIMIT TO GAME—Depends upon individuals.

Penalties for cornering, cheating and pushing or rushing.



Ghosts !!!!

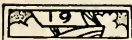
The campus under a cloudy spring moon, the sort of night that makes sentimentalists of the most practical. My window is open and perhaps the sound of the frogs down the hill is more magical than I know, for all the years that I have welcomed from this same window seem crowding their beauty into one hour. Unresisting, I give myself up to their insistence and relive old scenes.

Queer how time can veil events so cleverly that all the past seems lovely. As a Freshman—sobbing my heart out all because I was new and couldn't quite understand the ways of girls. But tonight all that tragedy is dim with years. Only the picture of a crimson lichen in the midst of prosaic gray moss remains vivid. Only the beauty lingers from all that year of memories.

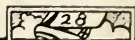
Chameleon-like the hill gives background to each shadow drifting across. Now my second autumn here and the blue haze wraps us yet a little while in the loveliness of a summer romance, still a little dreamy and unwilling to become practical again. Now, the first snow flurry rouses love of cozy fires and lights and talk. The hill,—stage scenery, just a little cold and unreal in its detached beauty. Winter has come back; a little study, but mostly talk, talk, talk—illusive thread—the stuff that dreams are made of. As the years pass the narrowing of the circle of acquaintances to a small group of friends—the joy of congeniality.

Suddenly, April a year ago—my third spring on the hilltop—and April tonight are side by side, flung like a lace scarf beside a chiffon girdle across apple blossoms on a dark table—my hill tonight. And since magic has done all this—given us visions of old dreams—illusions—selves—just one peep—just one day of a future April, a spring greeted far from here. There! It's gone. I've been too eager. I must wait.

There's a soft moon, and jonquils on my table are stirred by the wind. It's spring on my hill, with the chanting of frogs down below where the water runs darkest. The wistful ghosts of the other years melt into the shadowy mists. I am alone now—suddenly so—and my view of the hilltop is dimmed by tears. It is a wee bit sad—this remembering.



THE BATTLEFIELD



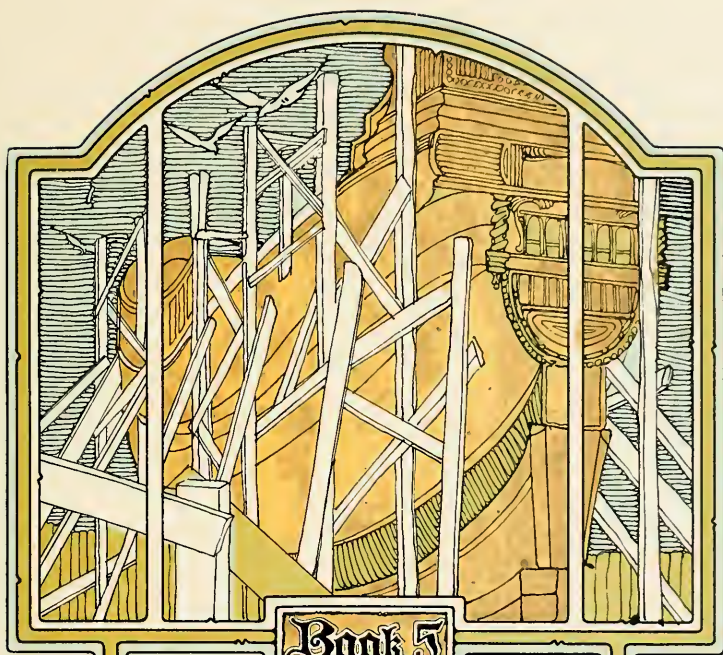
Mood

The street lights struggle
Up thru smothering, shifting scarves
Of fog
Glinting wickedly
On cold, black, treacherous streets.
—I draw the heavy curtains close
And turn back
To mellow firelight.

The broken-hearted wind
Stirs dangerously in the shadows,
Threatening gustily
The velvet's protection.

Memories struggle
Upward thru misty dim years
Of life
Gleaming luridly
On deep-hidden thoughts in my soul.
—I close the gateways of my mind.
And turn back, trembling
To your love.

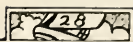
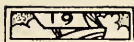
—HULDAH MORTON.



Book 5

"And around the bows and along the side,
 The heavy hammers and mallets plied,
 'Til after many a week at length
 Wonderful for form and strength
 Sublime in its enormous bulk,
 Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk."





HUMOR



Frosh: "Give me a sentence with the word indifferent."

Jersey: "Every night when I go riding I have to get in different."

Stewart: "Have you seen 'The Fair Co-ed'?"

Belote: "No, where is he?"

Miss Lakenan: "Is this play of yours clean?"

Author: "Clean! I should say so—there's a bathroom scene in the very first act."

They say ignorance is bliss, but we are dubious—who wants to be happy that way?

APOLOGIES TO OMAR KHAYYAM

A game of bridge in a woodland glen.
 "Dopes," food—a "cig" now and then,
 Whispered bids across the mossy table.
 Ah! this glade is paradise enow.

Ah! dear administration, could you and I conspire
 To grasp this Handbook of Rules entire
 Would not we tear it into bits and then
 Rewrite it nearer to my heart's desire?

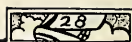
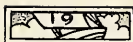
Anne Simpkins: "What's the greatest fire-escape?"

Trudy: "I'll bite—what?"

Anne: "Heaven."

The tragedy of a flea is that he knows for a certainty that all of his children will go to the dogs.

Mr. Dorsett (in Admin.): "When all else fails to appeal to the hard-boiled business men, use figures—they always appreciate good figures."



To The Fredericksburg Shieks

(With Apologies to Longfellow)

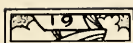
Under a spreading drug store awning
The Fredericksburg shiek stands.
The shiek, a weakly man is he,
With small and girlish hands;
And the muscles of his frail little arms
Are as strong as rubber bands.

His hair is sleek, black and long,
His face is like the sand;
His brow is never wet with honest sweat,
For he dodges work whene'er he can.
And he looks not a soul in the face,
For he owes most every man.

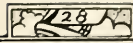
On Sunday he does not go to church,
But gets a crowd of boys
And rides up and down the "hill",
And takes girls riding in cars;
Filling the Holy Sabbath air
With much unnecessary noise.

Loafing—rejoicing—dancing,
Onward through life he goes,
Each morning sees the same old day begin,
Each evening sees it close.
Nothing attempted, nothing done—
He earns a much needed repose.

Woe unto thee, my worthless friend,
For the lesson thou has taught.
Thus at the soda fountain
Your fortunes must be wrought,
And on its marble counter shape
Each evil deed and thought.



THE BATTLEFIELD



Voice on phone: "Billie Stump is sick and can't attend classes today. She requested me to notify you."

Mrs. Bushnell: "All right. Who is this speaking?"

Voice: "This is my roommate."

"Giny" O'Rourke: "Isn't it strange? All of my ideas come when I am washing my face."

"Marg" Shaull: "Then, why don't you take a bath?"

They call her candle because she's always lit.

OUR FACULTY

There's Dr. Cook, the bald,
And Mr. Tyner, the tall.
There's Miss Lakenan, the midget,
And Mr. Dorsett, the fidget.
There's Mr. Hamlet, the Math. shark,
And Miss Haynie, a happy lark.
There's Miss Enders, the basketball coach,
And Miss Donohue, above reproach.
There's Miss Wright, the neat,
And Mr. Chandler, the sweet.
There's Dr. Kramer, a live wire,
And (last but not least) Mrs. Bushnell,
Whom we already admire.

Duval: "Ann Simkins broke up my party the other evening. She started to tell a naughty joke and I had to send her home."

Frances: "Well?"

Duval: "But they all followed her home to hear the end of it."

So—the absent-minded man opened his bed and jumped out the window.

Fay Martin: "I passed Caesar today."

Tuck: "Did he speak?"

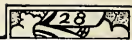
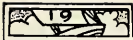
Miss Donohue (in Anatomy): "When are broken bones most useful?"

Sunshine: "When they begin to knit."

Dumb Frosh: "Why doesn't the man in the moon ever get married?"

Senior: "'Cause no one would have him, as he only makes a quarter a week: stays out every night, and gets full once a month."

Anne Simkins, in an "Evens" meeting, wanted to know if the "Goat" this year was going to be one of those big ole horses——?——?



FOUND IN AN S. T. C. GIRL'S DIARY

Sephos, dear, with eyes so blue,
It is no wonder I love you.
And La Fayette with your radiant charms,
I love for you to hold me in your arms.
But Johnie, dear, you need not pine,
I think of you most all the time.
And "Skeeter", first love and the best,
You're more to me than all the rest.
Teddy, dear, with your little Ford,
I adore to ride with you over the road.
And then comes Creekie, the town shiek,
I love you every day of the week.
I love them all, as you well see.
The question is—which one loves me?

THE SCHOOL GIRL'S PHILOSOPHY

"'Mid pleasures and palaces,
Tho' we may roam,
When the 'tummie' grows empty
There's no place like home."

Thank goodness our parents don't remember what they paid for text-books in college.

TO OUR GIRL ATHLETES

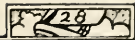
You put the shot, you run each race
With flying feet and shining face,
You swim and dive till kingdom come,
And you chew gum.

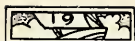
While other girls are wasting time
With silly boys who use a "line,"
You exercise from head to thumb,
But, gosh, you're dumb.

No cigarette shall mar your health.
No gin shall rest beneath your belt.
You're headed for a better day,
But—why delay?

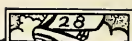


THE BATTLEFIELD





THE BATTLEFIELD



Mr. Darter (having a discussion in Sociology class on magic, spirits, etc.)

Frances Lewis: "I do not believe in anything I cannot see."

Mr. Darter: "You cannot see your brain, Miss Lewis. Do you believe you have one?"

Miss Karr (in nature study): "Now, just what time of the year do leaves turn?"

Mary Hamlin: "Before examinations."

Senior: "Do you believe that a rabbit's foot brings good luck?"

Dr. Cook: "I did last night, when my wife was going through my pockets and thought it was a mouse."

Cheese: "Is he dumb?"

Lillian: "He's so dumb he thinks a ditch-bank deposits money."

S. T. C. THEN—AND NOW

A hundred years ago today a wilderness was here;

A man with powder in his gun went forth to hunt a deer;

But now the times have changed somewhat, are on a different plan.

A dear, with powder on her nose, goes forth to hunt a man.

The height of competition—Old Golds and Smith Brothers.

Scientific facts: The smaller the wire, the greater the amount of heat and the greater the resistance. (No comments or side remarks requested.)

There's one man who is perfect.

My dreams all come true.

He doesn't drink or smoke or swear,

And of course he doesn't chew.

He's thrilling and handsome,

With a flashing eye.

I see him on the Camel add

When I go riding by.

Mr. Jones: "I take great pleasure in giving you 'C' on this test."

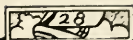
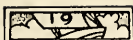
Margaret: "Oh, come on, Mr. Jones, have a real good time and give me an 'A'."

All men are born free and equal. We actually believed that until we came away to college.

He who laughs last is usually deaf or dumb.

Turn backward, turn backward, O Time on your way,

And give me that meal-cut—I took yesterday.



BAFFLED

There is a song in the "vic"
That you could never sing.
There's a thrill in the novel
That you could never bring.
There is ecstasy unparalleled
Out 'neath the moon.
Call me, oh study, I shall not heed.
I go—to the tearroom.

Jack: "You know, I don't like corceited men as well as the other kind."
Rachel: "What other kind?"

Mrs. D. (in a placating voice): "Now, if I were a freshman, I wouldn't expect dates on Sunday nights."

Irate Freshman: "Wouldn't, heck! you couldn't."

She was only a country belle, but she tolled on me.

Shall we ever see a Scotchman throwing away two bills and a Jew picking them up and returning them to him?

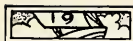
Mr. Dorsett (seeing child, controls his anger over a stumped toe): "Oh, dear me!"
Kampus Kid: "For God's sake, Mr. Dorsett, that must have hurt like h——."

Wondering—

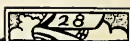
Why the rumble seat is called the rumple seat?
On just what pitch is the tone of the hill?
If Fredericksburg is 150 ft. above sea level, how can it sometimes seem so near hades?
How old Dr. Cook would be if he were as tall as Mr. Tyner?
When there'll be a smoking room in each of the dormitories?
If we'll ever grow accustomed to bridge—without precautions?
If we really look as Mr. Smith pictures us?
Whether teaching really is as terrible as the story books say?
If we shall weep Commencement Day?
How it will feel to come back next year—an alumna?

Here lies the high diver, Antoinette Ford.
There was ice on the end of the diving-board.

A Senior stood on a railroad track.
The train was coming fast:
The train got off the railroad track
And let the Senior pass.



THE BATTLEFIELD



Mr. Darter: "Is it true that statistics prove women live longer than men?"

Sallie B.: "Well, you know paint is a great preservative."

Sallie B. (waking Daisy Hamlin up for a fire drill): "Diz, why are you wearing your glasses in bed?"

Diz: "I am getting so short-sighted that I can't see the people I dream about."

— A girl with cotton stockings never sees a mouse.

Mrs. Ruff: "Do you like codfish balls?"

Trudy: "I don't know—I never attended any."

Miss Karr (during Biology lecture): "Today we will start off by naming some of the lower animals—beginning with the young lady on the front row——"

THE FAIR ATHLETE

She could swing a six-pound dumbbell,
She could fence and she could box;
She could row upon the river,
She could climb among the rocks.
She could golf from morn' 'till evening,
And play tennis all day long.
But she couldn't help her mother,
'Cause she wasn't very strong.

"Where did you learn to love like that?"

"Oh, I served as night watchman at Farmville S. T. C. last year."

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
If it wasn't for kisses, our lips would rust!

"It's a crime to rob the mails, but not to rob the males," said the gold-digging flapper.

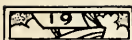
Duval: "How do you keep a goat from smelling?"

Peggy: "That's easy. Cut his nose off."

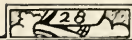
Polly: "Why aren't the bells ringing? Have they gone on a strike?"

Anne: "No. They have refused to strike."

We have heard of the absent-minded professor who scratched his pancake and poured the syrup down his back, and of the one who dictated to his dog and tried to wash his secretary—but now comes the tale of one who sat on his scarf-pin and wondered where he had put it.



THE BATTLEFIELD



Jessie Lee: "What is it a sign of when my nose itches?"

Linda: "You are going to have company."

Jessie Lee: "And if your head itches?"

Linda: "They have arrived."

Early to bed and early to rise,
And you'll meet none of the regular guys.

There were three in the parlor—
She, the bridge-lamp and he.
Three's a company, no doubt,
So the little lamp went out.

Mary Lou's brain is fat,
Her pocket-book is lean:
But since she has lots of "It"
She is rushed just like a queen.

Hoi: "Will you lend me a book for a week, young lady?"

Polloi: "Yes. But who is this weak young lady?"

Plus: "Oh, I've just thought of a good joke."

Minus: "Please cease thinking about yourself."

And the Seniors learned in administration
That there are six "S. D.'s" in every normal curve—
Pardon I ! ! !

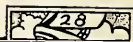
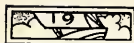
- Bet Boom: "Are you any relation to Joe Jones?"

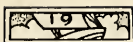
Josie Jones: "Only distantly—only distantly. He's the oldest of ten and I am the youngest."

Joe: "Most R.-M. C. boys are lady killers."

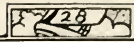
Buck: "What do you mean—death by starvation?"

Silly
Prattle
And
Ceaseless
Epigrams
Flurrying
In
Linear
Lines
Exit
Right





THE BATTLEFIELD



There is meter Iambic,
And meter Dactylic,
 And meter that's slow 'n' sad,
But the meter that stays me,
Often slays me,
 Is the meter of the darned taxicab.

The height of absurdity—asking Margaret Phillips if she has a date on Saturday night.

The prudent student walks more than one mile for a Camel.

Be she freshie,
Or senior wise,
That darned full moon
Evokes sad sighs.

Bill: "Do you know the secret of popularity?"
Belote: "Yes—but Mother said I mustn't."

Betty: "How was that blind date of yours?"
Virginia: "Not so good."
Betty: "'Ginny' you always were a lucky girl."

He (over phone): "What time shall I come up?"
She: "Oh, come after lunch."
He: "Don't worry, that's what I was coming after."

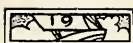
Dot P.: "Pardon me, but would you mind telling me how you are going to dress for the dance tonight?"

Ann N.: "Not at all, not at all."

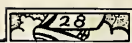
Among the impossible we list:

1. To get the one question you had studied.
2. To find a letter when you didn't expect any.
3. For Mr. D. to omit the roll the day you skip class.
4. To feel perfectly at ease when there's a council meeting in session.
5. To get a ride back from town when you're already late for dinner.
6. For Mrs. B. to be absent the day you take a second meal cut.
7. For it not to rain when you've just gotten a marcel.
8. Not to receive a "flunking slip" the day before "his" prom.
9. To remain immune to these moons—these spring nights—these stars.
10. To ever stroke that coveted sheep-skin.

In 1898—he said, "Let's drive in the park."
In 1928—he says, "Let's park in the drive."



THE BATTLEFIELD



Mary Byrd: "Are you positive this story is all original?"
Shasta: "Yes, mam, even to the spelling."

You would not complain
Of the jokes we use
Could you but see
Those we refuse.

Miss Enders: "The first instruction in order to keep from drowning is—'Keep your head above the water'."

Peggy (in Farmville restaurant): "Why are you taking those spoons?"
Durkin: "The doctor told me to take two teaspoons after each meal."

Since we have been allowed to play bridge we discover that the hardest thing in the world to deal with is an old pack of cards.

Freshman: "Where are you from?"
Sally B.: "From Northern Neck—down in God's country."
Freshman: "Why do you call it that?"
Sally B.: "Because no one else can get down there."

Keep your school-girl complexion—
Read the college magazines and—
Blush—

Mrs. A.: "My husband is an angel."
Mrs. B.: "I am a widow too."

Seen on a freshman's registration card: Name of parents: "Ma and Pa."

Celia, the cynic, says: "Don't think he's romantic just because he calls you 'Fair Lady'. It may be from force of habit—maybe he was a street-car conductor."

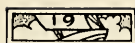
Teacher: "Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"
Belote: "On paper."

First Senior: "Don't you adore 'Kants' philosophy?"
Second Senior: "No. I don't believe in negative psychology."

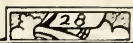
Fond Mother: "Do you think our daughter will soon forget all she learned at Fredericksburg?"

Ditto Father: "Let's hope so."

This student was killed in the rush.
Her name was Sallie B. Walker.
She won the race by "such and such"
For being the biggest talker.



THE BATTLEFIELD



Now shed a tear for Eliza Peak,
She cut two meals in one week.

There was a young prof named Dorsett,
Whose waves could not be more set.
When asked for his reason
He answered with treason
“I put water on my hair from the faucet.”

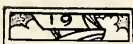
Here lie the bones of cute Miss “It,”
Otherwise our Peggy Sellers.
To council she did confess it
That she flirted with the “fellers.”

There is a dear dean name Tyner,
Who could not be any kinder.
He smiles quite well,
And always can tell
My pet major from my minor.

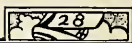
This is the grave of Hilda Belote.
She would not read what the signs denote.

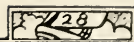
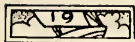
This was a girl known to fame.
Her name was Leavelle Session.
She wouldn't move from before the train
Until she had permission.

Finally—weep awhile for the BATTLEFIELD Staff.
'Cause they've struggled so hard to make you laff.



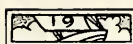
THE BATTLEFIELD



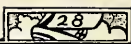


Oh ! Dear Dreams of Youth !!

Three dates on the calendar emblazoned in scarlet hues—flaming vividly amidst the other drab weeks and months. Three times this year the atmosphere on the hilltop has been tense with excitement,—boxes arriving by every mail, new frocks and old ones made new (sh! sh!), marcelles, permanents, and intensive diets. Is there any wonder then—that the group of girls we glimpse, tripping lightly down the stairs to the eagerly waiting escorts below, is an unrecognizable one—alarmingly lovely, startlingly, bewilderingly so? The shimmer of pastel silks and deep-hued satins, silhouetted against the sombre black of tuxedos, the delicate odor of faintly alluring perfume, flowers, evergreens, murmur of gay voices, subdued laughter, the haunting or taunting—it matters not which—strains of the orchestra. Hours like seconds—then the dance is ended. Hurried goodnights and other farewell pleasantries. And so another leaf in your memory book is turned—another memory, a dear, dear one is placed in the treasure chest of your heart, to be cherished there always.

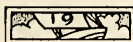


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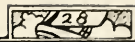


The Rocks

You great pieces of stone jutting out into the water,
You have a power to understand, though no soul.
You great lonely rocks help me when I'm weary.
I find peace in your solitude, broken only by the murmuring waters.
Your beauty is reflected by the golden light of the moon
As you stand silhouetted against a blue, star-sprinkled sky.
In the presence of you silent forms I feel recreated.
You are like unto an old lady who deprived of beauty
Has now come to a tender, mellow old age.



THE BATTLEFIELD



Alma Mater

Eager voices are singing,
Swelling high, exultant, clear!
Happy hearts their praises are bringing,
Alma Mater dear!
Alma Mater, can you hear us?
Hear us as we sing?
Praise to thee, dear Alma Mater,
Loyal hearts do bring!

Through our busy years of college
We've faced the problems square,
And squarely gained each bit of knowledge,
Won the laurels fair.
Alma Mater, can you hear us?
Hear us as we sing?
Praise to thee, dear Alma Mater,
Loyal hearts do bring!

We'll lift thy standards high forever,
Whate'er fortune chooses to send.
Thy ideals true, forsake oh never!
Never 'till life's end!
Alma Mater, can you hear us?
Hear us as we sing?
Praise to thee, dear Alma Mater,
Loyal hearts do bring!

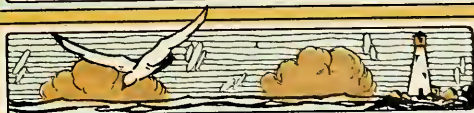
Yes, we love our Alma Mater,
Noble Alma Mater dear!
Gladly blend your voices, daughters.
For her colors cheer!
Alma Mater, can you hear us?
Hear us as we sing?
Praise to thee, dear Alma Mater,
Loyal hearts do bring!

God, the giver of all knowledge,
Hear us, unto Thee we pray!
God our Father, bless our College.
Hear our prayer today!
Alma Mater, can you hear us?
Hear us as we sing?
Praise to thee, dear Alma Mater,
Loyal hearts do bring!



Book 6

“Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
’Tis of the wave and not the rock,
In spite of rock and tempests’ roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on! nor fear to breast the sea,
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.”







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Alloway: "And I now promise
you never to kiss another single
man."

Shell: "How 'bout the married
ones?"

—

She: "You said she was sitting
pretty?"

He: "Yes, her knees were show-
ing."

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Helen J. (stuck): "You've evidently let everyone else know it, too."

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Ruth: "Arf! Arf!"

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"Why?"

"'Cause 'Molly's Got a Baby'."

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short ones. Stand on a soap-box
if necessary."

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Irene W.: "She believes in safety in numbers."

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Billy: "Well, what time do you
usually wake up?"

Merkie: "Quarter after seven."

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She (dumbly): "What?"

He: "Tonight."

Visiting teacher for Mr. Darter calling roll, seeing "feeble-minded" over Ruth Porter's name: "Does this mean that you are feeble minded?"

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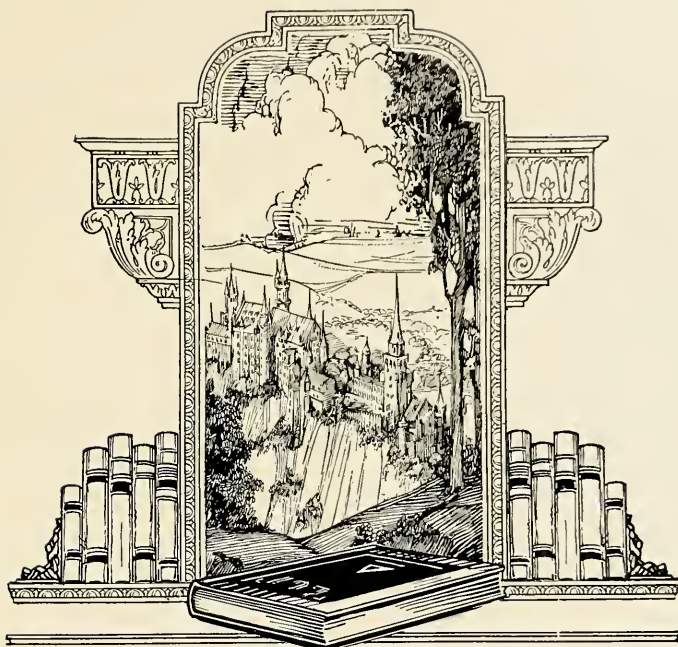
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